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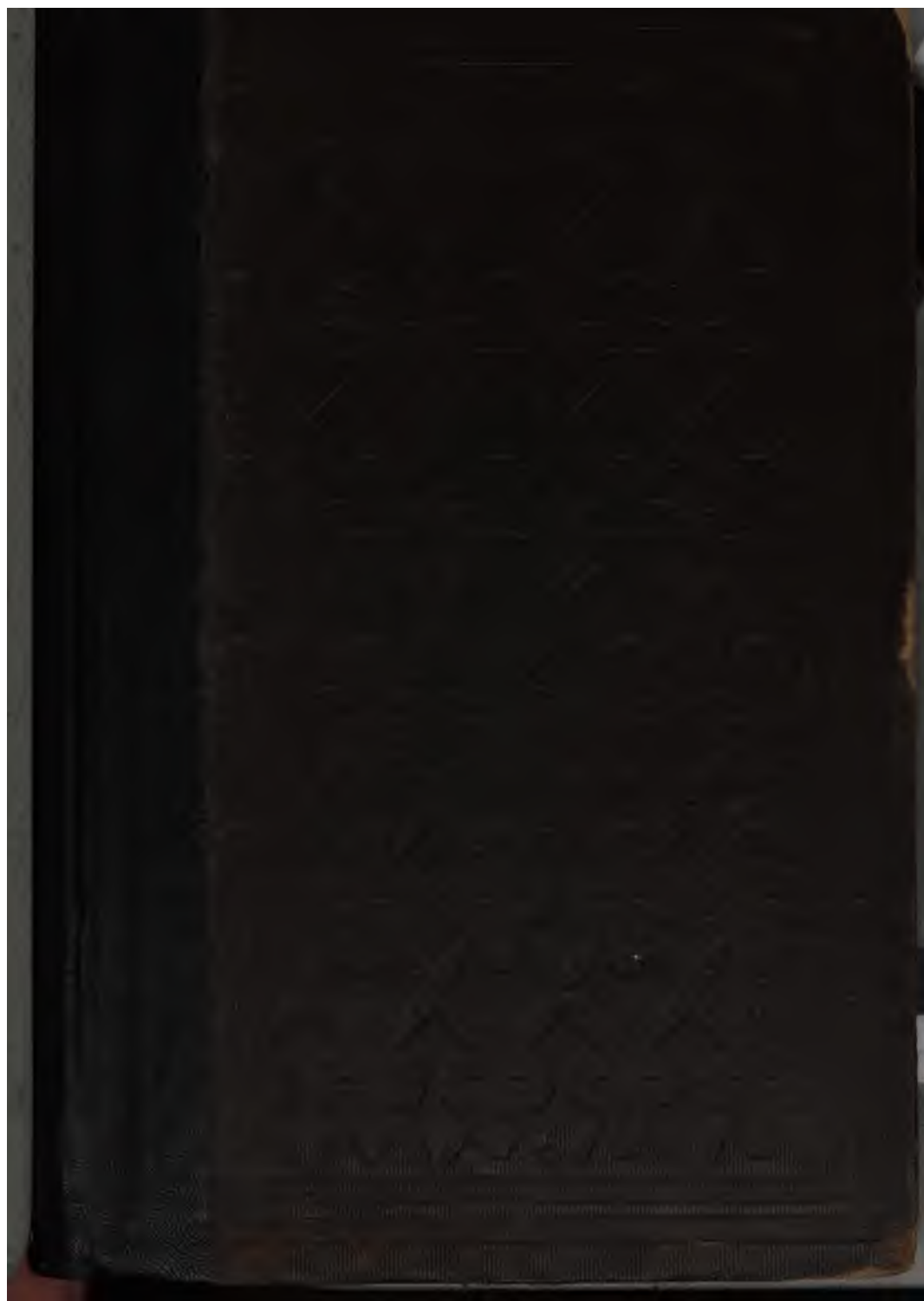
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Thomas Paine

THE LIFE
OF
THOMAS PAINE;

MOVER OF THE "DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE;" SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS UNDER THE
FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS; MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF FRANCE; AUTHOR OF
"COMMON SENSE," "THE CRISIS," "RIGHTS OF MAN," "AGE OF REASON," &c., &c.:

THE MAN,

WHOSE MOTTO WAS,

"THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD, MY RELIGION."

EMBRACING

PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS ON HUMAN RIGHTS;

DEMONSTRATING THAT

MAN TENDS IRREPRESSIBLY TO ACTUAL FREEDOM;

AND SHOWING

A LIBERTY-AIM CONNECTION

IN THE ACTION OF THE WORLD'S

THREE GREAT AUTHOR-HEROES,—

ROUSSEAU, PAINE, AND COMTE.

By the Author of "The Religion of Science."

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY CALVIN BLANCHARD,
76 NASSAU STREET.

1860.

INTRODUCTION.

A full and impartial history of THOMAS PAINE alone can supply that, the omission of which falsifies every work pretending to give an account of the war for the national independence of the United States.

The American Revolution of 1776, of which THOMAS PAINE was the author-hero, was the prelude to that far more sanguinary struggle against oppression and wrong which overturned, or irreparably shook, every throne in Western Europe ; including, in the category, even the chair of St. Peter ; and of which struggle the most prominent author-hero was JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

This is generally understood. But a truth incalculably more important has hitherto been either wholly overlooked, or but glimmeringly perceived ; it is this : — Both the American and French Revolutions were but prominent incidents, or *crisis-stages*, in the irrepressible struggle for human rights which commenced when nature implanted in her highest organism, man, that instinct which points to the goal of *development* ; that unconquerable desire for *perfect* and *sufficiently-lasting* or “eternal” happiness, which indicates the *common aim* and *attainable end* of science, of art, and of *all* natural, materialistic, or *intelligible* activities : — that thirst for liberty which can be satisfied by nothing short of the revolution which will *remove all constraint*—which will *accomplish* revolution—and thus justify LUTHER, ROUSSEAU, PAINE, FOURIER, and all other revolutionists. Of this crowning revolution, the text-book is “*The Positive Philosophy*” of AUGUSTE COMTE.

Had Thomas Paine been seconded as valiantly when he made priestcraft howl, as he was when he hurled defiance against kings, despotism by this time would *really*, instead of only nominally, have lain as low as did its minions at Trenton and Yorktown. The land over which the star-spangled banner waves would not have become the prey of corrupt, spoil-seeking demagogues, nor would Europe now tremble at the nod of a military dictator.

Not but that priestcraft itself has a substructure, *all but* “supernaturally” profound, which must be sapped before justice can be more than a mockery, freedom aught but a mere abstraction, or happiness little else than an *ignis fatuus*. But man should have continued the great battle for his rights when the soldiers and author-heroes of liberty were in the full flush of victory ; instead of making that vain, mischievous and ridiculous (*except as provisional*) compromise with the human inclinations, called *duty* ; and falling back on that miserable armistice between the wretched poor and the un-

happy rich, for the conditions of which, consult that refinement of treachery, misnamed a *constitution*, and that opaque entanglement, absurdly entitled *law*. Can right *be done* and peace be *maintained*, under institutions whose ultimatum is to give half a breakfast to the million, and half a million or so to the balance of mankind, conditioned on such anxiety on the part of the latter, lest they be added to the million before dinner-time, that dyspepsia, rather than nutrition, "waits on appetite?" Is man *irremediably* doomed to a condition which, at shorter and shorter intervals, forces him to seek relief in one of those saturnalias of carnage and devastation which throws progress aback, menaces civilization even, and yet but partially and temporarily mitigates human ills? Is this the whole sum, substance and end of revolution? It appears to me, that they who believe this, and who admire and commend Thomas Paine from *their* stand-point, dishonour his memory far more than his professed enemies do or can.

But to enable all to understandingly form their own conclusions, I shall give all the essential facts with respect to the history before us, with which a long and careful search, under most favourable circumstances, has made me acquainted. For, *let facts be fairly stated, and truth be fully known*, is the correlate of the proposition (the correctness of which I demonstrated in a former work "*The Religion of Science*") that nature; simple, scientific and artistic, will prove all-sufficient; and neither needs, nor admits the possibility of, a superior: that man, therefore, requires nothing more than what nature is capable of being developed into producing; nor can he know aught beyond nature, or form what can intelligibly be called an idea of any happiness or good, superior to that which, by means of the substantial, including of course, man himself, can be procured.

There needs but to have the light of truth shine fully upon the *real* character of Thomas Paine, to prove him to have been a far greater man than his most ardent admirers have hitherto given him credit for being. Paine's history is so intimately connected with that of progress both before and since his time, that it will necessarily embrace a very wide range of liberal information.

I am not unmindful that there have been hundreds, perhaps thousands of author-heroes and heroines. Bacon, Locke, Luther, Voltaire,* Fourier and Robert Owen were prominently of the former, and Mary Wollstonecraft and Frances Wright were decidedly among the latter. But it appears to me, that none of their writings have been *quite* such text-books of revolution, as those of Rousseau and Paine *were*, and those of Comte *now are*.

* Schlosser, in his "*History of the Eighteenth Century*," whilst speaking of Voltaire, Shaftesbury, and "the numerous deists who were reproachfully called *atheists*," says, that they "wielded the weapons" which Locke "had forged."

L I F E

OF

THOMAS PAINE.

PERIOD FIRST.

1737—1774.

FROM MR. PAINE'S BIRTH, TO HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.

THOMAS PAINE was born in Thetford, Norfolk county, England, on the 29th of January, 1737.

His father was a member of the society of Friends, and a staymaker by trade; his mother professed the faith of the church of England.

At the age of about thirteen years, he left the common school, in which, in addition to the branches of education usually taught therein, he had learned the rudiments of Latin, and went to work with his father. But his school teacher, who had been chaplain on board a man-of-war, had infused into his young and ardent mind such an enthusiasm for the naval service, that after reluctantly toiling about three years at his not very lucrative or promising calling, he left home, evidently resolved to "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," and to pursue his fortune through such chances as the war then imminent between his country and France, might offer.

Dreadful must have been the conflict between his compassionate nature and his necessities and ambition. Arrived in London, without friends or money, he, nevertheless, strove by every means in his power to settle himself honorably in the world, without embracing the dreadful profession he had been both constituted and educated to look upon with horror: he even hesitated so far as to return to his old occupation.

After working a few weeks for Mr. Morris, in Hanover-street, Long Acre, he went to Dover, where he also worked a short time for a Mr Grace.

War between England and France had now been declared ; our hero was in all the buoyancy of youth, being not yet seventeen years old ; fortune and glory were possible on the one hand, poverty and toil inevitable on the other.

War is murder, 'tis true ; murder, all the more heinous for being gloried in ; murder, all the more abominable for the magnificence of the scale on which it is perpetrated ; murder, which touches the lowest depths of cowardice, in being carried on by vast armies and immense fleets, instead of by smaller and bolder gangs of pirates, and by more venturesome banditti. But its infernal craft would sail, and its death-dealing cannon be manned, equally with or without him ; and the place which he refused would be taken, probably by some one with far less tenderness for a wounded or surrendered foe.

On board the privateer "Terrible," Captain Death, enlisted, probably in the capacity of a sailor or marine, the man who was afterwards the soul of a revolution which extended elective government over the most fertile portion of the globe, including an area more than twenty times larger than that of Great Britain, and who had the unprecedented honor to be called, though a foreigner, to the legislative councils of the foremost nation in the world.

For some unexplained cause, Paine left the "Terrible" almost immediately, and shipped on board the "King of Prussia." But the affectionate remonstrances of his father soon induced him to quit privateering altogether.

In the year 1759, he settled at Sandwich, as a master staymaker. There he became acquainted with a young woman of considerable personal attractions, whose name was Mary Lambert, to whom he was married about the end of the same year.

His success in business not answering his expectations, he, in the year 1760, removed to Margate. Here his wife died.

From Margate he went to London ; thence back again to his native town ; where, through the influence of Mr. Cock-sedge, the recorder, he, towards the end of 1763, obtained a situation in the excise.

Under the pretext of some trifling fault, but really, as *there is every reason for supposing*, because he was too *conscientious to connive at the villainies which were practiced*

by both his superiors and his compeers in office, he was dismissed from his situation in little more than a year. It has never been publicly stated for what it was pretended that he was dismissed; and the fact that he was recalled in eleven months thereafter, shows that whatever the charge against him was, it was not substantiated, nor probably, a very grave one. That the British government, in its subsequent efforts to destroy his character, never made any handle of this affair, is conclusive in his favor.

During his suspension from the excise, he repaired to London, where he became a teacher in an academy kept by Mr. Noble of Goodman's Fields; and during his leisure hours, he applied himself to the study of astronomy and natural philosophy. He availed himself of the advantages which the philosophical lectures of Martin and Ferguson afforded, and made the acquaintance of Dr. Bevis, an able astronomer, of the Royal Society.

On his re-appointment to the excise, Paine returned to Thetford, where he continued till the Spring of 1768, when the duties of his office called him to Lewes, in Sussex. There he boarded in the family of Mr Ollive, tobacconist; but at the end of about twelve months, the latter died. Paine succeeded him in business, and in the year 1771, married his daughter.

In 1772, he wrote a small pamphlet entitled "The Case of the Excise Officers." Although this was specially intended to cover the case of a very ill paid class of government officers, it was a remarkably clear and concise showing that the only way to make people honest, is to relieve them from the necessity of being otherwise.

This pamphlet excited both the alarm and hatred of his superiors in office, who were living in luxury and ease, and who, besides getting nearly all the pay for doing hardly any of the work, were becoming rich by smuggling, which their positions enabled them to carry on almost with impunity. They spared no pains to pick some flaw in the character or conduct of the author of their uneasiness, but could find nothing of which to accuse him, except that he kept a tobacconist's shop; this however, under the circumstances, was sufficient, and the most honest, if not the only conscientious exciseman in all England, was finally dismissed, in April, 1774.

Paine associated with, and was highly respected by the *best society* in Lewes, although so poor, that in a month after

his dismissal from office, his goods had to be sold to pay his debts ; a very strong proof that he had never abused his official trust.

I have twice already so far violated my own taste, to please that of others, as to mention that the subject of these memoirs had been married. But I cannot consent to meddle further with, and assist the public to peer into affairs with which none but the parties immediately concerned have any business, except under protest. Therefore, I do now most solemnly protest, that I feel more guilty, more ashamed, and more as though I ought to have my nose rung, for writing any thing at all about Mr. and Mrs. Paine's sexual affairs, than I should, were I to enter into a serious inquiry respecting the manner in which they performed *any* of their natural functions. Still, reader, you may be sure of my fidelity ; you need not suspect that I'm going to suppress any of the facts, for if I undertake to do a thing, I'll carry it through, if it's ever so mean.

To begin, then :—

In the flowery month of May, exactly one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four years after Jehovah had been presented with a son by a woman whom he *never, not even subsequently, married, Mr. and Mrs. Paine separated* ; not through the intervention of the grim tyrant who had caused the separation between Mr. Paine and his first wife, but for that most heinous of all imaginable causes, in old foggy estimation, *mutual consent*. On the *fourth of June*, in the year just designated, Mr. Paine signed articles of agreement, freely relinquishing to his wife all the property of which marriage had *legally robbed* her for his benefit. This was just ; but a Thomas Paine would blush to call it magnanimous. Behold them both, in the prime of life, in a predicament in which they were debarred, by the inscrutable wisdom of society, from the *legal* exercise of those functions on which nearly all their enjoyments, including health itself, depended.

All the causes of this separation are not known. Well, I'm heartily glad of it. Yet I delight not in beholding vexation and disappointment, even though the victims are the impertinently inquisitive. Still, I repeat, I'm most heartily glad of it.

That neither Mr. nor Mrs. Paine abused, or *voluntarily* even offended each other, is conclusive from the fact that Mr. *Paine* always spoke very respectfully and kindly of his wife ; *and, says the veracious Clio Rickman, " frequently sent her*

money, without letting her know the source whence it came ;” and Mrs. Paine always held her husband in such high esteem, though she differed widely from him in the important and complicated matter of religion, that if any one spoke disrespectfully of him in her presence, she deigned not a word of answer, but indignantly left the room, even though she were at table. If questioned on the subject of her separation from her marital partner, she did the same. Sensible woman.

“Clio Rickman asserts, and the most intimate friends of Mr. Paine support him,” says Mr. Gilbert Vale in his excellent *Life of Paine*,* to which I here, once for all, acknowledge myself much indebted, “that Paine never cohabited with his second wife. Sherwin treats the subject as ridiculous ; but Clio Rickman was a man of integrity, and he asserts that he has the documents showing this strange point, together with others, proving that this arose from no physical defects in Paine.” When the question was plainly put to Mr. Paine by a friend, instead of spitting in the questioner’s face, or kicking him, he replied : — “I had a cause ; it is no business of anybody.” Oh, immortal Paine ! Did you know the feelings which the writing of the five last paragraphs has cost me, you would forgive ; ay, even pity me.

And now, dear public, having, to please you, stepped aside from the path of legitimate history, permit me to continue the digression a little, in order to please myself. Surely you can afford some extra attention to one who has sacrificed his feelings, and, but for what I am now going to say, will have sacrificed his self-respect, even, for your accommodation.

A large portion of the christian world believes that the marriage tie, once formed, should continue till severed by death, or adultery. This is supposed to be,—first, in accordance with scripture ; secondly, in accordance with the best interests of society. “What God hath joined, let not man put asunder,” except for “cause of adultery,” is the text in the first place, and the prevention of licentiousness, and regard for the interests of children, constitute the pretext in the second place. But society blindly jumps to the conclusion that the constantly varying decrees of *legislative bodies* designate “what *God* hath joined,” and that august body is equally uncritical with respect to what adultery, both according to scripture and common sense, means. When *any* joining be-

* “This Life of Thomas Paine,” by G. Vale, is published at the office of that most able advocate of free discussion, the “*Boston Investigator*.”

comes abhorrent to the feelings which almighty power has implanted in man, to attempt to force the continuance of such joining, under the plea of authority from such power, is most atrocious ; and "Jesus," or whoever spoke in his name, thus rationally defines adultery. "Whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her." "Jesus" *did not* condemn the woman, who, under pressure of legal restriction, committed the "very act" of adultery ; but he *did* condemn her accusers, in the severest and most cutting manner possible.

We have already shown the utter disregard which the supposed almighty father of Jesus showed—for monogamic marriage ; that he did not even respect *vested rights* in the connection ; that he who is believed to have said,—“be ye perfect even as I am perfect,” trampled on the marital rules according to which the poor carpenter, Joseph, had been betrothed to his Mary.

How well the son of Mary followed in the footsteps of his "Almighty" father, we have already demonstrated ; and I shall close all I have to say on the supposed divinity of this subject, by calling the attention of the reader to the high respect which "Jesus" paid to the woman who had had five husbands, and who was, at the time he did her the honor to converse with her in public, and to even expound his mission to her, cohabiting with a man to whom she was not married. Nothing in scripture is plainer, than that Jesus was such an out and out free-lover in principle, as to hold that as soon as married people looked on others than each other with lustful eyes, they were no longer so, *legally* ; but that their old connections should give place to new ones. In the perfect state which "Jesus" in his parabolical language called "Heaven," he explicitly declared, in reference to what the old fogies of his time called marriage, "that they neither marry nor are given in marriage ;" and if "the Saviour" said this in reprobation of the comparatively slight bondage which encumbered marriage in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, what would he say, were he to visit Christendom at the present time ?

Wouldn't he make the "whip of small cords" with which he thrashed the money changers, whiz about the ears of those legislators and judges, who dare christen their tyrannical and abominable inventious marriage! who have the audacity to attribute their wretched expedients and stupid blunders to eternal wisdom ?

So much as to the scriptural view of marriage. For in-

formation as to the effects of "legal marriage" in the cure of licentiousness, and in promoting the welfare of children, consult the records of prostitution, the alms-house registers, and the swarms of beggars, by which you are continually importuned. As to the effect of the "holy bonds" on domestic felicity, I verily believe that if they were suddenly and completely severed, the dealers in arsenic who happened to have but little stock on hand, would bless their lucky stars.

And I speak from a knowledge of the causes which either favorably or unfavorably affect the human organism, in saying, that it is perfectly certain, that if the unnatural tie which arrogates the name of marriage, was universally severed, suicide would diminish one half, idiotcy and insanity would disappear, prolapsus uteri and hysteria would be almost unknown, the long catalogue of diseases consequent on hopeless despair, dreary ennui, and chronic fretfulness, would be shorn of nine tenths its present length, the makers of little shrouds and coffins would have little or nothing to do, and the business of abortionists would be ruined. In short, if matrimonial bondage was abolished, and our social structure reorganized, so as to correspond with the change, the "broken spirit" that "drieth the bones," would so give place to "the merry heart, that doeth good like a medicine," that little of the doctor's medicine would be needed; and human life would receive an accession of at least twenty per cent. in length, and one hundred per cent. in value. •

But indissoluble marriage, and its correlates, adultery, fornication, prostitution, the unmentionable crime against nature, and masturbation, are part and parcel of the present imperfect condition of all things in man's connection; of the remedy for which, I shall treat, when I come to consider the universality and thoroughness of the revolution in which Paine was, without but glimmeringly perceiving it, so efficient an actor.

In 1774, Mr. Paine went again to London; where, soon after his arrival, he made the acquaintance of Dr. Franklin, (then on an embassy to the British government, from one of her North American provinces,) who, perceiving in him, abilities of no ordinary character, advised him to quit his native country, where he was surrounded by so many difficulties, and try his fortune in America; he also gave him a letter of introduction to one of his most intimate friends in Philadelphia.

Paine left England towards the end of the year 1774, and arrived in Philadelphia about two months thereafter.

PERIOD SECOND.

1774—1787.

FROM MR. PAINE'S ARRIVAL IN AMERICA, TO HIS DEPARTURE
FOR FRANCE ; EMBRACING HIS TRANSACTIONS IN THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Shortly after the arrival of Mr. Paine in America, he was engaged as editor of the Pennsylvania Magazine, the publication of which had just been commenced, by Mr. Aitkin, bookseller, of Philadelphia. This brought him acquainted with Dr. Rush.

Up to this period, Paine had been a whig. But from the practical tone of much of his editorial, it is probable that he now began to suspect that that speculative abstraction, British constitutionalism, had exhausted its usefulness in the economy of the social organism ; and that human progress could reach a higher plane than that, the foundations of which were a theological church establishment, and its corresponding hotch-potch of kings, lords, and commons. And here I will remark, that Paine's distinguishing characteristic—the trait which constituted his greatness—was his capability of being ahead of his time. Were he bodily present now, he would be as far in advance of the miserable sham of freedom to which the majorityism which he advocated, though provisionally necessary, has dwindled, as he was in advance of the governmental expedient, which reached the stage of effete-ness in his day. "The Crisis," instead of commencing with "These are the times that try men's souls," would begin with "These are the times that exhaust men's power of endurance. Demagogism, with the whole power of the majority to enforce its tyranny, has declared that "to the victors belong the spoils ;" that it has a right to bind the minority in all cases whatsoever. Its recklessness is in complete contrast with the regard which even Britain pays to the interests of *her subjects* ; and in taxation, and speculation in office, it outdoes *Austrian despotism* itself."

"Majorityism has carried its insolence so far as to despise nothing so much as the name and memory of him who risked his life, his honor, his all, to protect its infancy ; it has scornfully refused his portrait a place on the walls of the very hall which once rang with popular applause of the eloquence, which his soul-stirring pleas for elective franchise inspired."

"Yes ; the city council of Philadelphia has, in 1859, in obedience to the commands of that public opinion, which was the court of last appeal, of him who first, on this continent, dared pronounce the word *American Independence*, refused his portrait a place by the side of his illustrious co-workers ; thus rebuking, and most impudently insulting Washington, who in an exstasy of admiration grasped the hand of the author of "*Common Sense*," and invited him to share his table ; Franklin, who invited him to our shores ; Lafayette, to whom he was dearer than a brother ; Barlow, who pronounced him "one of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind ;" Thomas Jefferson, who sent a government ship to reconduct him to our shores ; and all the friends of popular suffrage in France, who, at the time that tried men's souls there, elected him to their national councils."

"Like the Turkish despot, who cut off the head, and blotted out of existence the family, of his prime minister, to whom he owed the preservation of his throne, majorityism has crowded the name of its chief apostle almost out of the history of its rise."

"Freedom of speech, particularly on religious subjects, and on the government's pet project, is a myth ; every seventh day, the freedom of action is restricted to going to church, dozing away the time in the house, taking a disreputable stroll, or venturing on a not strictly legal ride. We have nothing like the amount of individual freedom which is enjoyed by the men and women of imperially governed France ; and notwithstanding the muzzling of the press by Louis Napoleon, there could be published, within the very shade of the Tuileries, a truer and more liberal history of Democracy and its leaders, and of *American Independence*, than any considerable house, except the one from which this emanates, dare put forth, within the vast area over which the star-spangled banner waves.

This is but a tithe of the despotism which public opinion, free to be formed by priests, and directed by demagogues, has inflicted : but a faint view of how abominably prostituted

liberty must inevitably become, if unregulated by science. If democracy has not exhausted all the good there was in it—if "majorityism" has not become effete, and as obnoxious to progress as monarchy ever was—in short, if what is *now* called liberty, is not slavery, there is not such a thing as slavery on the earth."

At the close of the year 1775, when the American Revolution had progressed as far as the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, John Adams, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington, had met together to read the terrible dispatches they had received. Having done which, they pause in gloom and silence. Presently Franklin speaks: "What," he asks, "is to be the end of all this? Is it to obtain justice of Great Britain, to change the ministry, to soften a tax? Or is it for" — He paused; the word *independence* yet choked the bravest throat that sought to utter it.

At this critical moment, Paine enters. Franklin introduces him, and he takes his seat. He well knows the cause of the prevailing gloom, and breaks the deep silence thus: "These States of America must be independent of England. That is the only solution of this question!" They all rise to their feet at this political blasphemy. But, nothing daunted, he goes on; his eye lights up with patriotic fire as he paints the glorious destiny which America, considering her vast resources, ought to achieve, and adjures them to lend their influence to rescue the Western Continent from the absurd, unnatural, and unprogressive predicament of being governed by a small island, three thousand miles off. Washington leaped forward, and taking both his hands, besought him to publish these views in a book.

Paine went to his room, seized his pen, lost sight of every other object, toiled incessantly, and in December, 1775, the work entitled *Common Sense*, which caused the Declaration of Independence, and brought both people and their leaders face to face with the work they had to accomplish, was sent forth on its mission. "That book," says Dr. Rush, "burst forth from the press with an effect that has been rarely produced by types and paper, in any age or country."

"Have you seen the pamphlet, *Common Sense*?" asked Major General Lee, in a letter to Washington; "I never saw such a masterly, irresistible performance. It will, if I mistake not, in concurrence with the transcendent folly and wickedness of the ministry, give the *coup-de-grace* to Great Britain.

In short, I own myself convinced by the arguments, of the necessity of separation."

That idea of Independence the pen of Paine fed with fuel from his brain when it was growing dim. We cannot overrate the electric power of that pen. At one time Washington thought that his troops, disheartened, almost naked, and half starved, would entirely disband. But the Author-Hero of the Revolution was tracking their march and writing by the light of camp-fires the series of essays called *The Crisis*. And when the veterans who still clung to the glorious cause they had espoused were called together, these words broke forth upon them: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like Hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."

"*These are the times that try mens souls*," was the watchword at the battle of Trenton, and Washington himself set the pen of Paine above any sword wielded that day. But we need not dwell on the fact of Paine's service's and influence at this eventful period. He stood the acknowledged leader of American statemanship, and the soul of the American Revolution, by the proclamation of the Legislatures of all the States, and that of the Congress of the United States; the tribute of his greatest enemy was in these words: "The cannon of Washington was not more formidable to the British than the pen of the author of *Common Sense*." A little less modesty, a little more preference of himself, to humanity, and a good deal more of what ought to be common sense on the part of the people he sought to free, and he would have been President of the United States; and America, instead of France, would have had the merit of bestowing the highest honor on the most deserving of mankind.

If Paine had been consulted to the extent he ought to have been, by those who modeled the republic he was so instrumental in starting into existence, our social structure would have been so founded, that it might have lasted till superseded by the immeasurably better one to which I shall presently allude, and to which, as I shall show, his measures aimed. It would not *now* depend upon a base so uncertain that it has to be carefully shored up by such props as gibbets, prisons, alms houses, and soup-dispensing committees, in order

to prevent its being sapped by the hunger-driven slaves of "free labor," nor would our Union be already in such danger of falling to pieces, that the chords which bind it together are as flimsy as cotton, and as rotten as are the souls of those who expose both their religious and their political opinions for sale as eagerly as they do their most damaged goods.

On the 17th of April, 1777, Congress elected Mr. Paine secretary to the committee of foreign affairs. In this capacity, he stood in the same relation to the committee that the English secretary for foreign affairs did to the cabinet; and it was not from vanity, but in order to preserve the dignity of the new government under which he acted, that he claimed the title which was bestowed on the British minister, who performed a function corresponding to his own.

"The Crisis" is contained in sixteen numbers; to notice which, separately, would involve a history of the American Revolution itself. In fact, they comprise a *truer* history of that event than does any *professed* history of it yet written. They comprise the *soul* of it, of which every *professed* history is destitute. A disgrace which this country can never wipe out.

In January, 1779, Paine resigned his secretariship, in consequence of a misunderstanding which had taken place between him and congress, on account of one Silas Deane.

In the early part of the war, it appears that Deane had been employed as an agent in France, for the purpose of obtaining supplies, either as a loan from the French government, or, if he failed in this, to purchase them. But before entering on the duties of his office, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Lee were added to the mission, and the three proceeded to Paris for the same purpose. The French monarch, more perhaps from his hostility to the English government, than from any attachment to the American cause, acceded to the request; and the supplies were immediately furnished. As France was then upon amicable terms with England, a pledge was given by the American commissioners that the affair should remain a secret. The supplies were accordingly shipped in the name of a Mr. Beaumarchais, and consigned to an imaginary house in the United States. Deane, taking advantage of the secrecy which had been promised, presented a claim for compensation in behalf of himself and Beaumarchais; thinking that the auditing committee would prefer compliance to an exposure of their ally, the king of France, to a rupture with *England*. Mr. Paine, perceiving the trick, and knowing the

circumstances of the case, resolved on laying the transaction before the public. He accordingly wrote for the newspapers several essays, under the title of "Common Sense to the Public on Mr. Deane's Affairs," in which he exposed the dishonest designs of Deane. The business, in consequence, soon became a subject of general conversation : the demand was rejected by the auditing committee, and Deane soon afterward absconded to England.

For this piece of service to the Americans, Paine was thanked and applauded by the people ; but by this time a party had begun to form itself, whose principles, if not the reverse of independence, were the reverse of republicanism. These men had long envied the popularity of Paine, but from their want of means to check or control it, they had hitherto remained silent. An opportunity was now offered for venting their spleen. Mr. Paine, in exposing the trickery of Deane, had incautiously mentioned one or two circumstances that had come to his knowledge in consequence of his office ; this was magnified into a breach of confidence, and a plan was immediately formed for depriving him of his situation ; accordingly, a motion was made for an order to bring him before congress. Mr. Paine readily attended ; and on being asked whether the articles in question were written by him, he replied that they were. He was then directed to withdraw. As soon as he had left the house, a member arose and moved : "That Thomas Paine be discharged from the office of secretary to the committee for foreign affairs ;" but the motion was lost upon a division. Mr. Paine then wrote to congress, requesting that he might be heard in his own defence, and Mr. Lawrence made a motion for that purpose, which was negatived. The next day he sent in his resignation, concluding with these words : "As I cannot, consistently with my character as a freeman, submit to be censured unheard ; therefore, to preserve that character and maintain that right, I think it my duty to resign the office of secretary to the committee for foreign affairs ; and I do hereby resign the same."

This conduct on the part of congress may, in some degree, be attributed to a desire to quiet the fears of the French ambassador, who had become very dissatisfied in consequence of its being known to the world that the supplies were a present from his master. To silence his apprehensions, and preserve the friendship of the French court, they treated Paine with ingratitude. This they acknowledged at a future

period by a grant ; of which I shall have occasion to speak in its proper place.

Paine was now deprived of the means of obtaining a livelihood ; and being averse to rendering his literary labors subservient to his personal wants, he engaged himself as clerk to Mr. Biddle, an attorney at Philadelphia.

The ingratitude of congress produced no change in Mr. Paine's patriotism. On every occasion, he continued to display the same degree of independence and resolution, which had first animated him in favor of the republican cause. He had enlisted himself as a volunteer in the American cause ; and he vindicated her rights under every change of circumstance, with unabated ardor.

In a communication made many years afterwards to Cheetham, (who would have contradicted it, could he have done so without stating what every one would immediately know to be false,) he says :—

“ I served in the army the whole of the ‘ time that tried men's souls,’ from the beginning to the end.

Soon after the declaration of independence, July 4, 1776, congress recommended that a body of ten thousand men, to be called the flying camp, because it was to act wherever necessary, should be formed from the militia and volunteers of Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. I went with one division from Pennsylvania, under General Roberdeau. We were stationed at Perth Amboy, and afterward at Bergen ; and when the time of the flying camp expired, and they went home, I went to Fort Lee, and served as aid-de-camp to Greene, who commanded at Fort Lee, and was with him through the whole of the black times of that trying campaign.

I began the first number of the “ Crisis,” beginning with the well-known expression, ‘ These are the times that try men's souls,’ at Newark, upon the retreat from Fort Lee, and continued writing it at every place we stopped at, and had it printed at Philadelphia, the 19th of December, six days before the taking the Hessians at Trenton, which, with the affair at Princeton, the week after, put an end to the black times.”

Soon after the resignation of his secretaryship, he was chosen clerk of the legislature of Pennsylvania. This appointment is a proof that, though he had some enemies, he had many friends ; and that the malicious insinuations of the *former had not been able to weaken the attachment of the latter.*

In February, 1781, Paine, at the earnest solicitation of Colonel Laurens, accompanied him to France, on a mission which the former had himself set on foot, which was, to obtain of the French government a loan of a million sterling annually during the war. This mission was so much more successful than they expected, that six millions of livres as a present, and ten millions as a loan, was the result. They sailed from Brest, at the beginning of June, and arrived at Boston in August, having under their charge two millions and a half in silver, and a ship and a brig laden with clothing and military stores.

Before going to France, as just narrated, Paine headed a private subscription list, with the sum of five hundred dollars, all the money he could raise ; and the nobleness of his conduct so stimulated the munificence of others, that the subscriptions amounted to the generous sum of three hundred thousand pounds.

Soon after the war of Independence had been brought to a successful termination, Mr. Paine returned to Bordentown, in New Jersey, where he had a small property. Washington, rationally fearing that one so devoted and generous might be in circumstances not the most flourishing, wrote to him the following letter :—

ROCKY HILL, Sept. 10, 1783.

I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it.

Your presence may remind congress of your past services to this country ; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself.

Your sincere friend,

G. Washington.

In 1785, congress, on the report of a committee consisting of Mr. Gerry, Mr. Petit, and Mr. King,

Resolved, That the board of treasury take order for paying to Mr. Thomas Paine, the sum of three thousand dollars.

This, however, was not a gratuity, although it took that shape. It was but little if any more than was due Mr. Paine.

in consequence of the depreciation of the continental money in which his salary as secretary of the committee of foreign affairs had been paid.

Mr. Paine had resolved not to make any application to the congress on the score of his literary labors ; but he had several friends in the provincial assemblies who were determined that his exertions should not pass unrewarded. Through their influence, motions in his favor were brought before the legislature of Pennsylvania and the assembly of New York ; the former gave him £500, and the latter the confiscated estate of a Mr. Frederick Devoe, a royalist. This estate, situated at New Rochelle, consisting of more than three hundred acres of land in a high state of cultivation, with a spacious and elegant stone-house, beside extensive out-buildings, was a valuable acquisition ; and the readiness with which it was granted, is a proof of the high estimation in which Mr. Paine's services were held by one of the most opulent and powerful states in the Union.

In 1786, he published at Philadelphia, his "Dissertations on Government," "The Affairs of the Bank," and "Paper-Money." The bank alluded to was the one which had been established some years before, under the name of the "Bank of North America," on the capital of the three hundred thousand pounds, which resulted from the subscription which Paine headed with five hundred dollars, as has already been stated ; which bank, instead of being what banks now are,—the stimulants of a gambling credit system, and a ruinous importing system, had been of vast use to the cause of our national independence. Paine advocated a paper currency when it was of use, instead of being an abuse ; in his days it helped to secure national independence, instead of subjecting the country, as it now does, to a servitude to the interests of England, which could she have foreseen, it is questionable whether even British pride would not have so succumbed to British avarice, that not a gun would have been fired, or a sword drawn against us. England could have afforded to pay us as many pounds for subjecting ourselves as we have done to her interests, as it cost her pennies to vainly attempt to prevent us from doing this. It is highly worthy of remark, that Paine opposed giving even the Independence promoting Bank of North America, a *perpetual charter*.

At this time Mr. Paine was highly popular, and enjoyed the esteem and friendship of the most literary, scientific, and patriotic men of the age

PERIOD THIRD.

1787—1809.

MR. PAINE GOES TO EUROPE. HIS REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND. IS ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF FRANCE. TAKES AN ACTIVE PART IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. HIS DEATH.

THE success which had crowned Mr. Paine's exertions in America, made him resolve to try the effects of his influence in the very citadel of the foes of liberal principles in government, whose out-posts he had stormed. As America no longer needed his aid, he resolved to attack the English government at home ; to free England herself.

Accordingly, in April, 1787, he sailed from the United States for France, and arrived in Paris after a short passage. His knowledge of mechanics and natural philosophy had procured him the honor of being admitted a member of the American Philosophical society ; he was also admitted Master of Arts by the university of Philadelphia. These honors, though not of much consequence in themselves, were the means of introducing him to some of the most scientific men in France, and soon after his arrival he exhibited to the Academy of Sciences, the model of an iron bridge which had occupied much of his leisure time during his residence in America. This model received the unqualified approbation of the Academy, and it was afterwards adopted by the most scientific men of England.

From Paris Mr. Paine proceeded to London, where he arrived on the third of September. Before the end of that month he went to Thetford to see his mother, who was now borne down by age, and was, besides, in very *straightened circumstances*. His father, it appears, had died during his

absence ; and he hastened to the place of his birth to relieve the wants of his surviving parent. He led a recluse sort of life at Thetford for several weeks, being principally occupied in writing a pamphlet on the state of the nation, under the title of "Prospects on the Rubicon." This was published in London, toward the end of the year 1787.

During the year 1788, Mr. Paine was principally occupied in building his bridge. For this purpose he went to Rotherham in Yorkshire, in order that he might have an opportunity of superintending its iron castings.

The situation of France had now become of great interest to all Europe, and Mr. Paine was in the confidence of the chief actors in the great events which were there taking place, and he hastened again to Paris to witness and assist in the downfall of Bourbon despotism ; to act his part in the great drama of freedom, the scene of which had shifted from the land of Washington to the country of Lafayette.

The French are peculiarly sensitive to the shafts of ridicule ; and Voltaire,* taking a wise advantage of this, had made such good use of his exquisite wit, that both priestcraft and statecraft had become rather absurd than respectable in the estimation of the higher orders of those who held both their wealth and their positions under such patronage.

The writings of the Abbe Raynal had imbued the French with respect for the *natural* rights of humanity, and consequently with contempt and abhorrence for the *vested* rights of tyrants ; and the writings of that great apostle of liberty, Rousseau, had long been preparing the way, in France, for what those of Paine had effected in America ; in fact, Rousseau was the "author hero" of the French Revolution ; and it was more owing to his pen, than to anything else, that the views of the people of France so differed from those of their rulers, that, whilst the latter, in assisting America to throw off the British yoke, looked no further than the weakening and humiliating of England, the former approved of, and sustained the measure, as initiatory to the destruction of monarchy itself.

The return from America, of the troops of Lafayette, had furnished a vast reinforcement to the popular cause, and infused its principles throughout all France. Mr. Paine remarks, that—

* That Encyclopedia of wit and wisdom, Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," is published by Mr. J. P. Mendum, at the office of the "Boston Investigator."



Jean Jacques Rousseau.

"As it was impossible to separate the military events which took place in America from the principles of the American revolution, the publication of those events in France necessarily connected themselves with the principles that produced them. Many of the facts were in themselves principles; such as the Declaration of American Independence, and the treaty of alliance between France and America, which recognized the natural rights of man, and justified resistance to oppression."

This is the proper place to show that neither Paine, Rousseau, nor Voltaire are at all chargeable with the abominations which have been perpetrated, both in America and France, in the name of liberty; and that our "scurvy politicians" have no more business to spout their impudent clap-trap in the name of the principles advocated by the author of "The Rights of Man," than Marat, St. Just, and Robespierre, had to mouth Rousseau. Nothing is plainer, than that the two great moving minds in the American and French revolutions aimed at the *practical actualization of liberty*.

Had Rousseau awoke from the dead at the time of the French Revolution,— "What!" he would have exclaimed. "Do you take carnage to be what I meant by the state of nature? "Miscreants!" Paine would thunder in the ears of our rulers, were he now to visit the land over which the star-spangled banner waves. "Is elective franchise to end in majority-despotism and spoils? Do you think I meant caucus trickery, election frauds, office gambling, corruption,—in short, *demagogism*, when I said *free government*?"

Are my teachings to be estimated from the stand-point where 'tis difficult, if not impossible to determine whether "free laborers" or "slaves" have the most uncomfortable time of it? In the name of "Common Sense," I protest against your gross misrepresentation of me. The contemptible knave and fool game which you are playing in the name of liberty, is but the *back* step of the *forward* one *towards* freedom, which I helped mankind to take.

Call you your miserable hotch-potch of spent supernaturalism and worn out absolutism, what I meant by freedom? You might as well call a rotting heap of building materials, which some architect, whose skill was far in advance of his time, had not lived long enough to put together according to his design, the edifice which he intended.

Ye infidels,* who meanly and hypocritically sneak for patronage under the shreds and tatters of the worn out cloak of the church, or who quit the ranks of superstition, only to waste your energies over an old book which I completely emasculated, (but lived to discover that I had mistaken a prominent symptom for the disease I sought to cure ;) or to dispute and wrangle over mere speculative abstractions, or at most, to eat and drink and dance, and *talk* in memory of me, every twenty-ninth of January, *when it does not fall on a Sunday*. In calling on my name, and looking backward in unavailing admiration of what I did, instead of pushing ahead and carrying on the work which I began, you confer no more honor on me than modern Christians do on their "Jesus." You are no more like me, than papists and protestants are the true followers of the Pharisee-condemning, Sabbath-breaking son of the world-famous carpenter of Galilee.

My religion was "to *do good*." Yours has thus far been to do nothing or worse than nothing.

Why do you not *organize*, and have your own schools, instead of allowing your children to be supernaturalistically educated? You allow the reasoning faculties of the scions of humanity to be completely maimed, and then blame nature because they are "vicious;" or, like idiots holding candles for the blind to read by, you ply them with reason, when they arrive at the age when they *ought to be* reasonable, but are confirmed in folly instead. Has the freedom of the people to chose their own teachers and head their own churches, culminated in schools, the very hot-beds of superstition, and in churches more intimately connected with, and more expensive to the state, *sub rosa*, than the Catholic church *openly* is, even in Rome?

Why do you not elevate woman, instead of letting your daughters grow up under the influence of the priests? Why do you so stubbornly cling to that immaculate abortion; that most pestiferous effluvia of supernaturalism; that quintessence of malice; that thickest fog that ever darkened the understanding; that strong-hold of all that is arbitrary; that refinement of cruelty; that last relic of absolutistic absurdity,—*moralism*? and why is its correlative,—*opinionism*

* I wish it to be particularly observed, that I give the term "infidels," a much more extended sense than that which it is popularly supposed to convey.

still the basis of your political system? Why are you, like your opponents, still appealing to that most fallible of all guides,—conscience? And in the name of all that is intelligible, what good is there in that chronic suicide which you outdo even supernaturalists in lauding as *virtue*? Besides, has “virtue,” notwithstanding all the pains taken with it, and all the hot-house fostering that that plant has received, grown a hair’s breadth since the remotest ages?

Why has not *how to*, long since superseded *ought to*?

Abandon, I beseech you, that inflietor of martyrdom; that watchword of Robespierre, and of the most relentless tyrants that ever tortured humanity,—*principle*. Let the *science and art* of goodness take its place.

The severest and most persistent scourges of the human race are, and ever have been, men and women of principle. *They* cannot be even *bribed* to do right. Robespierre was *par excellence*, “the incorruptible;” and so was Marat.

Principle, is the very bed of Procrustes. Principle is the disguise in which the “angel of darkness” appears so like an “angel of light,” as to deceive, thus far, all but “the *very* elect.” It partially deceived even me. But I had not your means of detecting the cheat. In my day it had not been, as it recently has been, demonstrated that man’s will, aided by the force of all that is intelligible fully developed and *harmoniously*, and most advantageously *combined*, is the measure of his power, and of nature’s resources; that well doing, to any extent worth naming, requires nothing more, and *nothing less*, than such force, such development, and such combination; that to progress, there is no obstruction, even to the unfriendliness of climate, which is not, through human art, working with, in, and through nature, removeable.

In my time, it had not been shown, (as it recently has been, to a mathematical demonstration) that the only possible way to make people good, is to create the requisite *materialistic conditions*; and that therefore the most stupid of blunders—the most infernal of cruelties is *punishment*.

You affect to love science. Make it loveable. Raise it to the dignity of the highest law, or religion; *make it the basis of government*; and thus avail yourselves of its *whole* use, instead of the little benefit you derive from its “beggarly elements.”

Patiently discover, instead of recklessly and vainly “enacting” laws; scientifically develop, and artistically combine *the whole force of physical nature, and the whole power of*

man. Assist nature, whose head you are, to *create*, till supply is adequate to demand ; till creation is complete ; till harmony is in exact proportion to present antagonism ; till no obstacle stands between man and perfect goodness, perfect freedom, and perfect, and sufficiently lasting happiness. Thus, alone, can you eliminate that synonym for ignorance,—mystery—and its resulting “vice,” “virtue,” moralism, absolutism, demagogism, slavery, and misery.

If you love, and would truly honor me, act *forward*, according to the *spirit*, and not *backward*, according to the *letter*, of what I taught. Let *onward to perfection*, be your motto.

Your numbers are sufficient, as you would see if you would but stand out ; you are far from poor, on the average, and you include nearly all the learned and scientific ; but you are somehow or other so averse to organizing and becoming an efficient body, with a head, that like the mutually suspicious eighty-seven millions of Indians, to whom a few well regulated British troops dictate terms, you suffer your even half organized foes to trample your rights under foot, when if you would organize on an intelligible, *TRULY selfish*, scientific and artistic basis, your own rights, and those of all your fellow-men would be secured. Down with that barricade of hypocrisy,—principle. Liberty, goodness, in short, happiness, can be nothing less than *the crowning art*.

Instead of admitting, as you do, that nature *ought* to have a supernatural guardian or helper, (inasmuch as you admit that she is incompetent to supply more than a tithe of the satisfaction which her wants, as manifested through her highest organism, man call for,) why do you not meet the question, as it alone can be met, by demonstrating that man no more *really* wants or needs *absolutely* eternal self-consciousness, than the infant *really* wants or needs the moon for a bauble, when he stretches forth his hand to grasp it, and weeps at his failure. But that what man *really does* want, nature, through science, art, *development*, can give ? Can't you see that what man in reality means by perfect and “eternal” happiness, is, perfect and *sufficiently-lasting* happiness ? and that nature *must* furnish this, or prove a failure which would amount to a greater absurdity, than “*supernaturalism*” itself ? Do you not see that for man to even *desire* any thing *really* beyond nature, is to *prove* “supernaturalism.” Mind, I have said *desire* ; for man cannot conceive of, and therefore cannot desire the annihilation of duration and space. He cannot really

wish for happiness without its conditions ; if it came merely at his bidding,—if he could *believe* himself into Heaven, or *vote* himself free, both Heaven and freedom would pall on the appetite as soon as tasted.

Had I lived at the time when Humboldt scanned nature, when Feuerbach demonstrated the naturalness of “supernaturalism,” and showed the all-importance and *practical* significance of man’s instinctively inaugurating his abstract subjectivity almighty, when Comte showed the connection, and proved the unity of all science, when Fourier discovered the equitable relations which should exist between labor, capital, and skill, and which, sooner or later, must displace the present unnatural and ruinous ones ; had I lived when it had been demonstrated that *nature* is all sufficient ; that science, art,—*development*, well prove adequate to all the requirements of miracle ; that the highest aspirations of nature’s highest organism, man, indicate the perfection to which nature is spontaneously tending, and which she *must* attain to ; that the business of man is to discover how to *fully gratify*, *all* the passions which *nature* has implanted in him ; (instead of trying to contrive how to mortify, repress, and overcome nearly all, and by far the best of them,) how to live, till he has rung, so to speak, all the changes possible on his five senses, till the repetition becomes irksome ; had I enjoyed the advantages derivable from all this, your steam engines, steam printing presses, sewing machines, and all other machines, and your electric telegraph, even, should have had its match in *social science and art* ; you should, by this time, have had a religion *self evidently* true, and a system of law *necessarily* just ; and the whole world should have been far advanced towards becoming a state *spontaneously* free.”

Reader, considering how very far ahead of his time, it was *the distinguishing characteristic* of the author of the “Rights of Man” and “The Age of Reason” to be, is it too much to suppose that, were he alive now, he would talk thus, except far more eloquently, beyond all question ? Would not he who made but two steps from the government of priests, kings and lords, to the people’s right to be their own church and their own government, have found out, before now, the means of escaping from demagogism ? As one who is not prepared to admit that liberty is an empty name, that happiness at all answering to that which man desires, is an impracticability, I respectfully submit that he would. And I scorn the supposition that he would degrade himself, and the

cause ne espoused, so far as to make the pitiable and lying excuse which the betrayers of mankind offer in behalf of "free institutions,"—that they are *no worse* than those, to escape from which, both earth and ocean have been reddened with human blood, and strewn with the ashes and the wrecks of human industry. Our "free institutions" have come to be so much worse than those confessedly despotic, that it is only the superior *natural* advantage, which our country enjoys, that has thus far preserved *even their name*.

The proper or natural functions of popularism are but transitional. The instant it is undertaken to erect democracy into a permanency, it dwindles to a most pitiable imitation—to a blundering re-enacting, under false names, of the worn out measures of the religion and politics, from which it is legitimately but a protest and a departure. It thus becomes so exceedingly corrupt and morbid, that the social organism, to protect itself from utter dissolution, is forced to reject it, and return again under its old regime. And nothing short of the religion and government of science can furnish an outlet from this vicious circle.

Mr. Paine again left France for England, in Nov. 1790, having witnessed the destruction of the Bastille, and been an attentive observer, if not an active adviser, of the revolutionary proceedings which had taken place during the preceding twelve months.

On the 13th of March, 1791, Mr. Jordan, No. 166 Fleet-street, published for him the first part of "The Rights of Man." This work was intended to arouse the people of England to a sense of the defects and abuses of their vaunted system of government; besides which, it was a masterly refutation of the falsehoods and exaggerations of Edmund Burke's celebrated "Reflections on The Revolution in France."

About the middle of May, Mr. Paine again went to France. This was just before the king attempted to escape from his own dominions. On the occasion of the return of the fugitive monarch, Mr. Paine was, from an accidental circumstance, in considerable danger of losing his life. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness the event. Among the crowd was Mr. Paine. An officer proclaimed the order of the national assembly, that all should be silent and covered. In an instant all except Mr. Paine, put on their hats. He had lost his cockade, the emblem of liberty and equality. The multitude observing that he remained

uncovered, supposed that he was one of their enemies, and a cry instantly arose, '*Aristocrat ! Aristocrat ! à la lanterne ! à la lanterne !*' He was instructed by those who stood near him to put on his hat, but it was some time before the matter could be satisfactorily explained to the multitude.

On the 13th of July, 1791, he returned to London, but it was not thought prudent that he should attend the public celebration of the French revolution, which was to take place on the following day. He was however, present at the meeting which was held at the Thatched-House tavern, on the twentieth of August following. Of the address and declaration which issued from this meeting, and which was at first attributed to Mr. Horn Tooke, Mr. Paine was the author.

Mr. Paine was now engaged in preparing the second part of the '*Rights of Man*' for the press. In the mean time the ministry had received information that the work would shortly appear, and they resolved to get it suppressed if possible. Having ascertained the name of the printer, they employed him to endeavor to purchase the copyright. He began by offering a hundred guineas, then five hundred, and at length a thousand ; but Mr. Paine told him, that he ' would never put it in the power of any printer or publisher to suppress or alter a work of his.'

Finding that Mr. Paine was not to be bribed, the ministry next attempted to suppress the work by means of prosecutions ; but even in this they succeeded so badly, that the second part of the "*Rights of Man*" was published on the sixteenth of February, 1792, and at a moderate calculation, more than a hundred thousand copies of the work were circulated.

In August, 1792, Paine prepared a publication in defense of the "*Rights of Man*," and of his motives in writing it ; he entitled it "An Address to the Addressers on the late Proclamation." "This," says Sherwin, "is one of the severest pieces of satire that ever issued from the press."

About the middle of September, 1792, a French deputation announced to Mr. Paine that he had been elected to represent the department of Calais in the National Convention.

At Dover, whither he repaired, in order to embark for France, the treatment of the minions of British despotism towards the hated author of the "*Rights of Man*," was disgraceful and mean to the last degree. His trunks were all opened, and the contents examined. Some of his papers were seized, and it is probable that the whole would have been, but for the cool and steady conduct of their owner and his

attendants. When the custom-house officers had indulged their petty malice as long as they thought proper, Mr. Paine and his friends were allowed to embark, and they arrived at Calais in about three hours. The English-French representative, however, very narrowly escaped the vigilance of the despots he had provoked, for it appears that an order to detain him was received at Dover, in about twenty minutes after his embarkation.

A salute from the battery announced to the people of Calais the arrival of the distinguished foreigner, on whom they had bestowed an honor unprecedented.

His reception, both military and civic, was what a monarch might well have been proud of. "The garrison at Calais were under arms to receive this friend of liberty; the tri-colored cockade was presented to him by the mayor, and the handsomest woman in the town was selected to place it on his hat."*

This ceremony being over, he walked to Deissein's in the *Rue de l'Egalité* (formerly *Rue de Roi*), the men, women, and children, crowding around him, and shouting 'Vive Thomas Paine!' He was then conducted to the town-hall, and there presented to the municipality, who with the greatest affection embraced their representative. The mayor addressed him in a short speech, (which was interpreted to him by his friend M. Audibert), to which Mr. Paine, laying his hand on his heart, replied, that his life should be devoted to their service.

At the inn he was waited upon by the authorities, and by the president of the Constitutional society, who desired that he would attend their meeting that night: he cheerfully complied with the request, and the whole town would have been there, had there been room: the hall of the '*Minimes*' was so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty they made way for Mr. Paine to the side of the president. Over the chair in which he sat were placed the bust of Mirabeau, and the colors of France, England, and America united. A speaker from the tribune, formally announced his election, amid the plaudits of the people; for some minutes after nothing was heard but

* The least unfair view of Thomas Paine's character and merits which has hitherto been found in the historical writings of any American author except Randall, Savage, and Vale, (who quotes copiously from Sherwin), is taken by an ecclesiastic, Francis L. Hawkes, D.D., LL.D. His "Cyclopedia of Biography," from which I have quoted above, is published by the Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., who also publish Buckle's "History of Civilization in England;" a work which would have fully satisfied the author of the "*Age of Reason*" himself, had he lived to read it.

' *Vive la Nation ! Vive Thomas Paine*, in voices both male and female.

On the following day an extra meeting was appointed to be held in the church in honor of the new deputy to the convention, the *Minimes* having been found quite suffocating, from the vast concourse of people which had assembled, on the previous occasion. At the theatre, on the evening after his arrival, a box was specially reserved for the author of the "Rights of Man," the object of the English proclamation.

Such was the enthusiasm of the people for the "author-hero" of the American Revolution, that Mr. Paine was also elected deputy for Abbeville, Beauvais, and Versailles ; but the people of Calais having been beforehand in their choice, he preferred being their representative.

After remaining with his constituents a short time, he proceeded to Paris, in order to take his seat as a member of the National Assembly. On the road thither he met with similar honors to those which he had received at Calais. As soon as he arrived at Paris, he addressed a letter to his fellow-citizens, the people of France, thanking them for both adopting and electing him as their deputy to the convention.

Mr. Paine was shortly after his arrival in Paris, appointed a member of the committee for framing the new constitution. While he was performing the important duties of his station, the ministry of England were using every effort to counteract the (to them) dangerous principles which he had disseminated. For this purpose they filed informations against the different individuals who had sold the "Rights of Man," and also against the author. The trial of Mr. Paine came on at Guildhall, on the 18th of December, before that most cruel and vindictive of creatures that ever disgraced the bench of even a British court of justice, Lord Kenyon. As the judge was pensioned, and the jury packed, a verdict of guilty followed as a matter of course.

Mr. Erskine's plea for the defence was, as Mr. Paine observed, on reading a report of the farce which had been enacted under the name of a trial, "a good speech for himself, but a very poor defence of the "Rights of Man"*

Seldom has the cowardice which a sense of guilt excites, reached such a panic as that into which the government of

* "Paine's work," [the "Rights of Man,"] says Schlosser, in his "History of The Eighteenth Century," "made as great and as lasting an impression on certain classes in England as Burke's did upon the great majority of the higher and middle ranks."

England was thrown by Thomas Paine. In France he was safe from their malice, but no less than ten individuals were prosecuted for selling his works, and by corrupted judges and packed juries, nine of the number were convicted, and severely fined or imprisoned, or both.

"On the first appearance of the "Rights of Man," says Sherwin, the ministry saw that it inculcated truths which they could not controvert; that it contained plans, which, if adopted, would benefit at least nine tenths of the community, and that its principles were the reverse of the existing system of government; they therefore judged that the most politic method would be to treat the work with contempt, to represent it as a foolish and insignificant performance, unworthy of their notice, and undeserving the attention of the public. But they soon found the inefficiency of this mode of treatment; the more contempt they showed, the more the book was read, and approved of. Finding, therefore, that their declarations of contempt were as unsuccessful as their project of buying up the work, they determined upon prosecuting the author and publisher. Mr. Paine was not at all surprised at this resolution of the ministry; indeed, he had anticipated it on the publication of the second part of the work, and to remove any doubt as to his intention of defending the principles which he had so effectually inculcated, he addressed the following letter to his publisher:—

FEBRUARY 16, 1792.

SIR : Should any person, under the sanction of any kind of authority, inquire of you respecting the author and publisher of the "Rights of Man," you will please to mention me as the author and publisher of that work, and show to such person this letter. I will, as soon as I am made acquainted with it, appear and answer for the work personally.

Your humble servant,

THOMAS PAINE.

MR. JORDAN,
No. 166 Fleet Street.

"The first intimation which Mr. Paine received," continues Sherwin, "of the intentions of the ministry, was on the 14th of May, 1792. He was then at Bromly, in Kent, upon which he came immediately to town; on his arrival he found that Mr. Jordan had that evening been served with a summons to appear at the court of King's Bench on the Monday following, but for what purpose was not stated. Conceiving it to be on

account of the work, he appointed a meeting with Mr. Jordan, on the next morning, when he provided a solicitor, and took the expense of the defence on himself. But Mr. Jordan, it appears, had too much regard for his person to hazard its safety on the event of a prosecution, and he compromised the affair with a solicitor of the treasury, by agreeing to appear in court and plead guilty. This arrangement answered the purpose of both parties—That of Jordan in liberating himself from the risk of a prosecution, and that of the ministry, since his plea of guilty amounted in some measure to a condemnation of the work."

The following letter from Mr. Paine to the Attorney-General, Sir Archibald Macdonald shows, that but for the circumstance of his being called to France, as just related, it was his intention to have formally defended himself in the prosecution against him as author of the "Rights of Man."

"SIR : though I have some reason for believing that you were not the original promoter or encourager of the prosecution commenced against the work entitled "Rights of Man," either as that prosecution is intended to affect the author, the publisher, or the public ; yet as you appear the official person therein, I address this letter to you, not as Sir Archibald Macdonald, but as attorney-general.

You began by a prosecution against the publisher, Jordan, and the reason assigned by Mr. Secretary Dundas, in the house of commons, in the debate on the proclamation, May 25, for taking that measure, was, he said, because Mr. Paine could not be found, or words to that effect. Mr. Paine, sir, so far from secreting himself, never went a step out of his way, nor in the least instance varied from his usual conduct, to avoid any measure you might choose to adopt with respect to him. It is on the purity of his heart, and the universal utility of the principles and plans which his writings contain, that he rests the issue ; and he will not dishonor it by any kind of subterfuge. The apartments which he occupied at the time of writing the work last winter, he has continued to occupy to the present hour, and the solicitors of the prosecution know where to find him ; of which there is a proof in their own office as far back as the 21st of May, and also in the office of my own attorney.

But admitting, for the sake of the case, that the reason for proceeding against the publisher was, as Mr. Dundas stated, that Mr. Paine could not be found, that reason can now exist no longer.

The instant that I was informed that an information was preparing to be filed against me, as the author of, I believe, one of the most useful books ever offered to mankind, I directed my attorney to put in an appearance; and as I shall meet the prosecution fully and fairly, and with a good and upright conscience, I have a right to expect that no act of littleness, will be made use of on the part of the prosecution toward influencing the future issue with respect to the author. This expression may, perhaps, appear obscure to you, but I am in the possession of some matters which serve to show that the action against the publisher is not intended to be a *real* action. If, therefore, any persons concerned in the prosecution have found their cause so weak as to make it appear convenient to them to enter into a negotiation with the publisher, whether for the purpose of his submitting to a verdict, and to make use of the verdict so obtained as a circumstance, by way of precedent, on a future trial against myself; or for any other purpose not fully made known to me; if, I say, I have cause to suspect this to be the case, I shall most certainly withdraw the defence I should otherwise have made, or promoted, on his (the publisher's) behalf, and leave the negotiators to themselves, and shall reserve the whole of the defence for the *real* trial.

But, sir, for the purpose of conducting this matter with at least that appearance of fairness and openness that shall justify itself before the public whose cause it really is (for it is the right of public discussion and investigation that is questioned), I have to propose to you to cease the prosecution against the publisher; and as the reason or pretext can no longer exist for continuing it against him because Mr. Paine could not be found, that you would direct the whole process against me, with whom the prosecuting party will not find it possible to enter into any private negotiation.

I will do the cause full justice, as well for the sake of the nation, as for my own reputation.

Another reason for discontinuing the process against the publisher is, because it can amount to nothing. First, because a jury in London cannot decide upon the fact of publishing beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of London, and therefore the work may be republished over and over again in every county in the nation and every case must have a separate process; and by the time that three or four hundred prosecutions have been had, the eyes of the nation will then be fully open to see that the work in question contains

a plan the best calculated to root out all the abuses of government, and to lessen the taxes of the nation upwards of *six millions annually*.

Secondly, because though the gentlemen of London may be very expert in understanding their particular professions and occupations, and how to make business contracts with government beneficial to themselves as individuals, the rest of the nation may not be disposed to consider them sufficiently qualified nor authorized to determine for the whole nation on plans of reform, and on systems and principles of government. This would be in effect to erect a jury into a national convention, instead of electing a convention, and to lay a precedent for the probable tyranny of juries, under the pretence of supporting their rights.

That the possibility always exists of packing juries will not be denied ; and, therefore, in all cases where government is the prosecutor, more especially in those where the right of public discussion and investigation of principles and systems of government is attempted to be suppressed by a verdict, or in those where the object of the work that is prosecuted is the reform of abuse and the abolition of sinecure places and pensions, in all these cases the verdict of a jury will itself become a subject of discussion ; and therefore, it furnishes an additional reason for discontinuing the prosecution against the publisher, more especially as it is not a secret that there has been a negociation with him for secret purposes, and for proceeding against me only. I shall make a much stronger defence than what I believe the treasury solicitor's agreement with him will permit him to do.

I believe that Mr. Burke, finding himself defeated, and not being able to make any answer to the "Rights of Man," has been one of the promoters of this prosecution ; and I shall return the compliment to him by showing, in a future publication, that he has been a masked pensioner at fifteen hundred pounds per annum for about ten years.

Thus it is that the public money is wasted, and the dread of public investigation is produced.

I am, sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

THOMAS PAINE.

SIR A MACDONALD, *Attorney-General*.

On the 25th of July, 1792, the Duke of Brunswick issued

his sanguinary manifesto, in which he declared that the allies were resolved to inflict the most dreadful punishments on the national assembly, for their treatment of the royal family ; he even went so far as to threaten to give up Paris to military execution. This made the people furious, and drove them to deeds of desperation. A party was consequently formed in the convention for putting the king to death. Mr. Paine labored hard to prevent matters from being carried to this extremity, but though his efforts produced a few converts to his doctrine, the majority of his colleagues were too enraged at the duplicity of the king, and the detestable conduct of the foreign monarchs, with whom he was leagued, to be satisfied with anything short of the most dreadful vengeance. The conduct of Louis was too reprehensible to be passed over unnoticed, and Mr. Paine therefore voted that he should be tried ; but when the question whether he should be put to death, was brought forward, he opposed it by every argument in his power. His exertions were, however, ineffectual, and sentence of death was passed, though by a very small majority. Mr. Paine lost no opportunity of protesting against this extreme measure ; when the question, whether the sentence should be carried into execution, was discussed, he combated the proposition with great energy. As he was not well versed in the French language, he wrote or spoke in English, which one of the secretaries translated.

It is evident that his reasoning was thought very persuasive, since those who had heard the speeches of Buzot, Condorcet, and Brissot, on the same side of the question, without interruption, broke out in murmurs, while Paine's opinion was being translated ; and Marat, at length, losing all patience, exclaimed that Paine was a quaker, whose mind was so contracted by the narrow principles of his religion, that he was incapable of the liberality that was requisite for condemning men to death. This shrewd argument not being thought convincing, the secretary continued to read, that ' the execution of the sentence, instead of an act of justice, would appear to all the world, and particularly to their allies, the American States, as an act of vengeance, and that if he were sufficiently master of the French language, he would, in the name of his brethren of America, present a petition at their bar against the execution of the sentence.' Marat and his associates said that these could not possibly be the sentiments of Thomas Paine, and that the assembly was imposed upon

by a false translation. On comparing it with the original, however, it was found to be correct.

The only practical effect of Paine's leniency to the king was that of rendering himself an object of hatred among the most violent and now dominant actors in the revolution. They found that he could not be induced to participate in their acts of cruelty ; they dreaded the opposition which he might make to their sanguinary deeds, and they therefore marked him out as a victim to be sacrificed the first opportunity.

The humanity of Mr. Paine was, indeed, one of the most prominent features in his character, and he exercised it, whether on public or private occasions. Of his strict attention to his public duty in this respect, even at the hazard of his own safety, we have just seen a convincing proof in his opposition to the execution of the king ; and of his humane and charitable disposition in private matters, the following circumstances are sufficient to warrant the most unqualified conclusion.

Mr. Paine was dining one day with about twenty friends, at a coffee-house in the *Palais Egalite*, now the *Palais Royal*, when, unfortunately for the harmony of the company, a captain in the English service contrived to introduce himself. The military gentleman was a strenuous supporter of the English system of government, and of course, a decided enemy of the French Revolution. After the cloth was removed, the conversation turned on the state of affairs in England, and the means which had been adopted by the government to check political knowledge. Mr. Paine gave his opinion very freely, and much to the satisfaction of every one present, except Captain Grimstone, who finding himself cornered, answered his arguments by calling him a traitor to his country, and applying to him other terms equally opprobrious. Mr. Paine treated his abuse with much good humor, which rendered the captain so furious, that he struck him a violent blow. But the cowardice of this behavior on the part of a stout young man, toward a person upward of sixty years of age, was not the worst part of the affair. The captain had struck a citizen deputy of the convention, which was an insult to the whole nation ; the offender was hurried into custody, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Paine prevented him from being massacred on the spot.

The convention had decreed the punishment of death to any one who should be convicted of striking a deputy : Mr.

Paine was therefore placed in a very unpleasant situation. He immediately applied to Barrere, president of the committee of public safety, for a passport for his imprudent adversary. His request being, after much hesitation, complied with, he still had considerable difficulty in procuring his liberation ; but even this was not all of which the nobility of his nature was capable. The captain was without friends, and penniless ; and Mr. Paine generously supplied him with money to defray his travelling expenses, home to England.

A Major Munroe, who lodged at the same hotel with Mr. Paine, and whose business it was to inform Pitt and the ministry of England, of what was going on in France, remaining after the war was declared, was thrown into prison. He applied to Mr. Paine, who, by great exertion, procured his release.

The reign of terror had now fairly begun, and Mr. Paine's humane disposition conspicuously marked him for one of its victims.

In allusion to the dreadful proceedings which were making such havoc among the best patriots of France, he says :—

‘ As for myself, I used to find some relief by walking alone in the garden after it was dark, and cursing with hearty good will the authors of that terrible system that had turned the character of the revolution I had been proud to defend.

I went but little to the convention, and then only to make my appearance ; because I found it impossible for me to join in their tremendous decrees, and useless and dangerous to oppose them. My having voted and spoken extensively, more so than any other member, against the execution of the king, had already fixed a mark upon me : neither dared any of my associates in the convention to translate, and speak in French for me anything I might have dared to write. Pen and ink were then of no use to me. No good could be done by writing, and no printer dared to print ; and whatever I might have written for my private amusement, as anecdotes of the times, would have been continually exposed to be examined, and tortured into any meaning that the rage of party might fix upon it ; and as to softer subjects, my heart was in distress at the fate of my friends, and my harp was hung upon the weeping willows.’

But the gentle, conciliating, and open manner of Mr. Paine rendered it impossible to impeach his political conduct, and this was the reason why he remained so long at liberty. The first attempt that was made against him, was by means

of an act of the convention, which decreed that all persons residing in France, who were born in England, should be imprisoned ; but as Mr. Paine was a member of the convention, and had been adopted a 'citizen of France,' the decree did not extend to him. A motion was afterward made by Bourdon de l'Oise, for expelling all foreigners from the convention. It was evident from the speech of the mover, that Mr. Paine was the principal object aimed at, and as soon as the expulsion was effected, an application was made to the two committees of public safety, of which Robespierre was the dictator, and he was immediately arrested under the former decree for imprisoning persons born in England. On his way to the Luxembourg, he contrived to call upon his intimate friend and associate, Joel Barlow, with whom he left the manuscript of the first part of the "Age of Reason." This work he intended to be the last of his life, but the proceedings in France, during the year 1793, induced him to delay it no longer.

At the time when the "Age of Reason" was written, Mr. Paine was in daily expectation of being sent to the guillotine, where many of his friends had already perished ; the doctrines, therefore, which it inculcates, must be regarded as the sentiments of a dying man. This is a conclusive proof that the work was not the result of a wish to deceive. Mr. Paine had measured his time with such precision, that he had not finished the book more than six hours, before he was arrested and conveyed to the Luxembourg.

Had such a singularly favorable coincidence as this happened in the transactions of a Christian theological writer, it would undoubtedly have been ascribed to the interposition of Divine Providence.

After Mr. Paine had remained in prison about three weeks, the Americans residing in Paris, went in a body to the convention and demanded the liberation of their fellow-citizen. The following is a copy of the address presented by them to the president of the convention ; an address which sufficiently shows the high estimation in which Mr. Paine was at this time held by the citizens of the United States :—

"Citizens! The French nation had invited the most illustrious of all foreign nations to the honor of representing her.

Thomas Paine, the apostle of liberty in America, a profound and valuable philosopher, a virtuous and esteemed citizen, came to France and took a seat among you. Particular

circumstances rendered necessary the decree to put under arrest all the English residing in France.

Citizens! Representatives! We come to demand of you Thomas Paine, in the name of the friends of liberty, and in the name of the Americans, your brothers and allies; was there anything more wanted to obtain our demand we would tell you. Do not give to the leagued despots the pleasure of seeing Paine in irons. We inform you that the seals put upon the papers of Thomas Paine have been taken off, that the committee of general safety examined them, and far from finding among them any dangerous propositions, they only found the love of liberty which characterized him all his lifetime, that eloquence of nature and philosophy which made him the friend of mankind, and those principles of public morality which merited the hatred of kings, and the affection of his fellow-citizens.

In short, citizens! if you permit us to restore Thomas Paine to the embraces of his fellow-citizens, we offer to pledge ourselves as securities for his conduct during the short time he shall remain in France.'

The Americans who presented the foregoing address, received for answer, that 'Mr. Paine was born in England,' and it was also hinted to them that their attempt to reclaim him as a citizen of the United States, could not be listened to, in consequence of its *not being authorized by the American government.*

I wish the reader to particularly note what I have here italicised, as I shall hereafter refer to it in a very important connection.

Soon after this, all communication between the prisoners and their friends was cut off, by an order of the police; and the only hope that during six months, remained to Mr. Paine, was, that the American minister would be authorized to inquire into the cause of his imprisonment. 'But even this hope,' Mr. Paine observes, 'in the state in which matters were daily arriving, was too remote to have any consolatory effect; and I contented myself with the thought that I might be remembered when it would be too late.'

During this long imprisonment he amused himself by writing a variety of pieces, both in poetry and prose, some of which have since been published. He also wrote a considerable portion of the second part of the 'Age of Reason.'

When he had been in prison about eight months, he was seized with a violent fever, which nearly deprived him of

life, and from the effects of which he never perfectly recovered. This fever, which rendered him insensible for more than a month, was, however, the means of preserving his life; for had he remained in health, he would no doubt have been dragged before the tribunal, and sent to the guillotine.

After the fall of Robespierre, Mr. Paine, seeing several of his fellow-prisoners set at liberty, began to conceive hopes of his own release, and addressed a memorial to Mr. Monroe, the American minister, on the subject.

The following is a copy of Mr. Monroe's letter to Mr. Paine on this occasion :—

PARIS, *September 18, 1794.*

“DEAR SIR :

I was favored, soon after my arrival here, with several letters from you, and more latterly with one in the character of a memorial upon the subject of your confinement: and should have answered them at the times they were respectively written, had I not concluded, you would have calculated with certainty upon the deep interest I take in your welfare, and the pleasure with which I shall embrace every opportunity in my power to serve you. I should still pursue the same course, and for reasons which must obviously occur, if I did not find that you are disquieted with apprehensions upon interesting points, and which justice to you and our country equally forbid you should entertain. You mention that you have been informed you are not considered as an American citizen by the Americans, and that you have likewise heard that I had no instructions respecting you by the government. I doubt not the person who gave you the information meant well, but I suspect he did not even convey accurately his own ideas on the first point: for I presume the most he could say is, that you had likewise become a French citizen, and which by no means deprives you of being an American one. Even this, however, may be doubted, I mean the acquisition of citizenship in France, and I confess you have said much to show that it has not been made. I really suspect that this was all that the gentleman who wrote to you, and those Americans he heard speak upon the subject, meant. It becomes my duty, however, to declare to you, that I consider you as an American citizen, and that you are considered universally in that character by the people of America. As such you are entitled to my attention; and so far as it can be given, consistently with those obligations which are mutual

between every government and even transient passengers, you shall receive it.

The congress have never decided upon the subject of citizenship, in a manner to regard the present case. By being with us through the revolution, you are of our country as absolutely as if you had been born there, and you are no more of England than every native American is. This is the true doctrine in the present case, so far as it becomes complicated with any other consideration. I have mentioned it to make you easy upon the only point which could give you any inquietude.

It is necessary for me to tell you, how much all your countrymen—I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own revolution, and the difficult scenes through which they passed ; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I trust never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them, as not only having rendered important services in our own revolution, but as being, on a more extensive scale, the friend of human rights and a distinguished and able advocate in favor of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine, the Americans are not, nor can they be, indifferent.

Of the sense which the president has always entertained of your merits, and of his friendly disposition toward you, you are too well assured, to require any declaration of it from me. That I forward his wishes in seeking your safety is what I well know : and this will form an additional obligation on me to perform what I should otherwise consider as a duty.

You are in my opinion, at present, menaced by no kind of danger. To liberate you will be an object of my endeavors, and as soon as possible. But you must, until that event shall be accomplished, bear your situation with patience and fortitude ; you will likewise have the justice to recollect, that I am placed here upon a difficult theatre, many important objects to attend to, and with few to consult. It becomes me in pursuit of those, so to regulate my conduct with respect to each, as to the manner and the time, as will, in my judgment, be best calculated to accomplish the whole.

With great esteem and respect consider me personally your friend.

JAMES MONROE.'

Mr. Paine was released from prison on the 4th of November, 1794, having been in confinement for eleven months.

After his liberation, he was kindly *invited* to the house of Mr. Monroe, where he remained for about eighteen months. The following extract from one of his letters, written after his return to America, is a highly interesting description of his situation while in prison, and of another narrow escape which he had in addition to the one already noticed.

'I was one of the nine members that composed the first committee of constitution. Six of them have been destroyed. Syeyes and myself have survived. He by bending with the times, and I by not bending. The other survivor joined Robespierre, and signed with him the warrant of my arrestation. After the fall of Robespierre, he was seized and imprisoned in his turn, and sentenced to transportation. He has since apologised to me for having signed the warrant, by saying, he felt himself in danger and was obliged to do it.

Herauld Sechelles, an acquaintance of Mr. Jefferson, and a good patriot, was my *suppliant* as member of the committee of constitution; that is, he was to supply my place, if I had not accepted or had resigned, being next in number of votes to me. He was imprisoned in the Luxemburg with me, was taken to the tribunal and the guillotine, and I, his principal, was left.

There were but two foreigners in the convention, Anarcharis Cloots* and myself. We were both put out of the convention by the same vote, arrested by the same order, and carried to prison together the same night. He was taken to

* "J. B. De Cloots, a Prussian Baron, known since the revolution by the name of Anarcharis Cloots, was born at Cleves, on the 24th of June, 1755, and became the possessor of a considerable fortune.

In September, 1792, he was deputed from the Oise to the Convention.

In the same year he published a work entitled "The Universal Republic," wherein he laid it down as a principle 'that the people were the sovereign of the world—nay, that it was God'—that fools alone believed in a Supreme Being,' &c. He soon afterwards fell under the suspicions of Robespierre, was arrested as a Hebertist, and condemned to death on the 24th of March, 1794. He died with great firmness, and on his way to execution lectured Hebert on materialism, 'to prevent him' as he said, 'from yielding to religious feelings in his last moments.' He even asked to be executed after all his accomplices, in order that he might have time 'to establish certain principles during the fall of their heads.—*Biographie Moderne*.

See, also, for a fuller account of Baron De Cloots, Thier's "*History of the French Revolution*."

the guillotine, and I was again left. Joel Barlow was with us when we went to prison.

Joseph Lebon, one of the vilest characters that ever existed, and who made the streets of Arras run with blood, was my suppliant as member of the convention for the department of the Pais de Calais. When I was put out of the convention he came and took my place. When I was liberated from prison, and voted again into the convention, he was sent to the same prison and took my place there, and he went to the guillotine instead of me. He supplied my place all the way through.

One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and a hundred and sixty of them guillotined the next day, of which I know I was to have been one; and the manner in which I escaped that fate is curious, and has all the appearance of accident.

The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, and one of a long range of rooms under a gallery, and the door of it opened outward and flat against the wall; so that when it was open the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut. I had three comrades, fellow-prisoners with me, Joseph Vanhuile of Bruges, since president of the municipality of that town, Michael Robins, and Bastini of Louvain.

When persons by scores and hundreds were to be taken out of prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night, and those who performed that office had a private mark or signal by which they knew what rooms to go to, and what number to take. We, as I have said, were four, and the door of our room was marked unobserved by us, with that number in chalk; but it happened, if happening is a proper word, that the mark was put on when the door was open and flat against the wall, and thereby came on the inside when we shut it at night, and the destroying angel passed by it. A few days after this Robespierre fell, and the American ambassador arrived and reclaimed me and invited me to his house.

During the whole of my imprisonment, prior to the fall of Robespierre, there was no time when I could think my life worth twenty-four hours, and my mind was made up to meet its fate. The Americans in Paris went in a body to the convention to reclaim me, but without success. There was no party among them with respect to me. My only hope then rested on the government of America that it would remember

me. But the icy heart of ingratitude, in whatever man it may be placed, has neither feeling nor sense of honor. The letter of Mr. Jefferson has served to wipe away the reproach, and done justice to the mass of the people of America."

Soon after Mr. Paine's release, the convention, by a unanimous vote, reinstated him in the seat he had formerly occupied. Mr. Paine did not refuse, being resolved to show that he was not to be terrified, and that his principles were neither to be perverted by disgust nor weakened by misfortune.

His bodily health was very much impaired by his long confinement, and in September following, he was taken dangerously ill. He states that he had felt the approach of his disorder for some time, which occasioned him to hasten to a conclusion of the second part of the "Age of Reason." This work was published at Paris, early in 1795, and was very shortly afterward reprinted both in England, and the United States.

The "Age of Reason" called forth a great many replies, but the only one whose fame has outlived its author, is the Bishop of Llandaff's "Apology for the Bible." Even this is in defiance of the plainest rules of reason and logic, and would have shared the fate of its companions in the same cause, if it had been written by an ordinary person.

The advocates of the Christian faith were themselves so conscious of the imperfections of their system, and placed so little reliance on the Bishop's arguments, that they commenced a prosecution against Mr. Williams, the publisher of the "Age of Reason." They retained Mr. Erskine on the part of the crown, who made every effort to procure a verdict. Mr. Kyd made an ingenious and able reply, in behalf of the defendant, but the jury, being special, readily found him guilty, June 4, 1797. Mr. Paine addressed a letter to Mr. Erskine on the proceedings of this trial, in which he ridiculed the absurdity of discussing theological subjects before such men as special juries are generally composed of, and cited fresh evidence in support of his former arguments against the truth of the Bible.

But, although the anti-biblical works of Mr. Paine were well able to withstand the Bishop of Llandaff's attacks, and have unquestionably made a greater number of *mere unbelievers* than have those of any other writer, they strongly remind those who comprehend the all-important *materialistic* significancy which underlies "supernaturalism," of the suggestions which their author so sensibly threw out, in his

letter to Mr. Erskine, with respect to the abilities of juries to deal with theological matters.

Paine himself took far less pride in his Theological writings, than in any of his others. This is too observable to need to be pointed out in detail. He had comparatively such small expectations with respect to the good which he believed he had the talents to perform by meddling with "supernaturalism," that he postponed the execution of that part of his life's mission to the latter end of his career; and it is worthy of note, that in his will, he requested that it should be engraved on his tomb-stone, not that he was the author of "The Age of Reason," or of the "Examination of The Prophecies," but of "*Common Sense*."

In the perfected, or even *half regenerate* future, the author of "*the world is my country; to do good my religion*," though he had never written "*Common Sense*," "*The Crisis*," or "*Rights of Man*;"—nay, though he had never written another line, will stand higher than will the ablest mere exposé and denouncer of error and delusion, that ever handled a pen.

There is, it must be confessed, in Mr. Paine's treatment of the great question involved in anthropomorphism, or "theology," nothing of the profundity of Fenerbach, or of the thoroughness, and searching and learned inquiry concerning the mythical substructure of Christianity, which so eminently distinguishes Strauss; and there is but little of the careful research of Volney, Dupuis and Robert Taylor, in either the "*Age of Reason*" or the "*Examination of The Prophecies*." Their author is altogether too deficient in the bland and winning persuasiveness of Greg, and has not an overstock of the candour, and *patient* criticism of Macnaught.

For proof of this, compare Paine's theological masterpieces, just named, with Strauss's "*Critical Examination of the Life of Jesus*," Volney's "*Ruins of Empires*," and "*New Researches on Ancient History*," Dupuis's "*Origine de tous les Cultes*,"* Taylor's "*Diegesis*,"† "*Astronomico-Theological Sermons*," and "*Devil's Pulpit*," Greg's "*Creed of Christendom; Its Foundations and Superstructure*," Macnaught on "*The Doctrine of Inspiration*," and that natural history of "supernaturalism,"—Feuerbach's "*Essence of Christianity*."

* Published by Mr. Gilbert Vale.

† Published by Mr. J. P. Mendum.

The other works here referred to, and also "*The Age of Reason*," and "*Examination of The Prophecies*," are published by C. Blanchard.

There is nothing like constructive revolution in Mr. Paine's attacks on the ecclesiastical hierarchy which has been, notwithstanding its faults, and its *now, and for some time past*, abominable abuses, the nurse of civilization—the initiator of human progress.

But there is, in the effects of his attacks on venerable abuses, that which is *fast neccessitating constructive revolution*.

Still, it is to be regretted that so many of those whom Mr. Paine's caustic arguments put in more zealous than formidable battle array against priestcraft, run away with the idea, so unjust and humiliating to human nature, that the whole gospel system was, from the beginning, but a nefarious scheme of priests and kings, whereby to destroy liberty; that the Church has *always* been but a hypocritical and tyrannical organization. For in consequence of these views, they think that they have found out all that need be known with respect to the great question of *man's instinctive faith*; and vainly imagine, that through the power of reason alone, all the temples of superstition can be demolished, or shaved down to common shool-houses; and think that this will make the world about as good as it is capable of becoming.

The plain truth is, that Mr. Paine's *theological* views are as superficial as his *religious* conceptions are profound. [It will be recollected that "*to do good*," was Mr. Paine's religion.] His belief in a supernatural "God," in "*happiness after death*," and in "*some punishment for the wicked*," though immeasurably less atrocious than the Judaistic and Paganistic Christianity which he combatted, are not a whit more intelligible; and had "*The Age of Reason*" been written by some sharp-witted magazine critic, instead of by the author of "*The Crisis*," "*Common Sense*," and "*Rights of Man*;"—or by some obscure individual, instead of by the companion of, and co-worker with, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, and Lafayette, its notoriety never would have reached the height to which it immediately arose, and which, owing to clerical persecution, and to the abominable injustice and ingratitude with which Paine has been treated, it will no doubt gain upon for some time to come.

But we must, in full justice to Thomas Paine, take into account the fact, that his theology is susceptible of a very liberal interpretation. I, too, *materialist though I am*,*

* Of all the Deistical works that I have examined, none appear to me

believe in a God ; a God as infinite as is all of which we can conceive ; ay, and as *real* ; a God as almighty as is materiality ; which is at once both agent and act, and out of whose presence we cannot go even in thought, will prove to be, through that only intelligible miracle,—*development*.

I believe, furthermore, in the punishment of the wicked ; and that, too, *after death*. Nay, I *know* that the punishment of *all sin* is *inevitable*. Is not that monster of iniquity, society, though dead and all but rotten in “ trespasses and sins,” undergoing the very torments of the damned ?

I hope for, nay, I *know* that I shall have, happiness *after death* ;—that every particle of *me* will, through chemical change, and the refinements which nature is with rapidly increasing speed, elaborating, go to form *material beings* as much happier than any which now exist, as “ glorified saints and angels ” are imagined to be.

But Mr. Paine has won such laurels through his political writings, that he can richly afford to yield the palm with respect to theology ; not that he has not, though negatively, done good service, even in this field. His theological writings have cleared the way for the *practical* and *positive* in social affairs, by showing that reason, or speculativeness, though of importance in *starting* the march of human progress, is utterly inefficient in the all important respects of the *motive* and the *creative* power, necessary to speed that progress to *its goal*.

The “ Age of Reason ” *negatively* prepared the way for the introduction of science and art into social architecture ; for the inauguration of the knowable, the practical, the humane the *efficient*, in place of the mysterious, the speculative, the vindictive, the *provisional*, and otherwise *abortive*.

I know that these views will be somewhat distasteful to many of Mr. Paine’s admirers ; but I have undertaken to give an impartial history, and therefore cannot let my own admiration or that of others for the great man I am writing about, blind me to the great truth, that, till the perfection point be gained, means, even those as powerful as Mr. Paine

to be less inconsistent than the one by Henri Disdier, avocat, published at Geneva, in 1859. His remarks on the clergy’s great lever, education, ought to be read by every reformer. The work is entitled—“ Conciliation Rationnelle du Droit et du Devoir.” It appears to me that M. Disdier has omitted no argument that can be adduced to support the proposition that there exists a “ Supernatural God,” or “ Dieu Personnel.”

used, must, as fast as they exhaust their efficacy, be thrust aside for those of greater and greater potency.

Opinionism has long since fulfilled its function in the social organism, and therefore cannot too soon be rejected, along with its correlative, moralism, and that now main dependence of vice,—virtue. Principle has become an excrecence, and should be immediately expelled for *enlightened selfishness*. Principle is the barricade behind which hypocrisy hides. It encumbers the path through which *actual progress* ought to have a free passage.

But to return to the thread of this history :—

In April, 1795, a committee was appointed to form another new constitution, (the former one having been abolished) and the report of this committee was brought forward on the 23d of June following, by Boissy d'Anglais.

In 1795, Mr. Paine wrote a speech in opposition to several of the articles of the new constitution which had been presented for adoption, which was translated and read to the convention by Citizen Lanthera, on the seventh of July. He particularly contended against the unjust distinction that was attempted to be made between direct and indirect taxes. Whatever weight his objections ought to have carried, they were not listened to by the convention, and the constitution of Boissy d'Anglais was adopted. By this decree the convention was formally dissolved ; and as Mr. Paine was not afterward re-elected, it also terminated his public functions in France.

The reign of terror* having somewhat subsided, Mr.

* Let me not be misunderstood, in speaking as I have, and shall, of demagogues, priests, and "oppressors" generally. I by no means approve of the avalanche of blame in which Robespierre has been overwhelmed. He and his colleagues were but the instruments of an infuriated populace which an unfortunate train of circumstances had let loose upon those whom equally unfortunate causes had made their oppressors.

It is highly worthy of attention, that all the blood shed during the long "infidel" "reign of terror," amounted to but little more than half what had flown in a single day, (St. Bartholomew's) under the reign of supernaturalistic terror. The whole number guillotined by order of the Revolutionary tribunal was, 18,603, viz :—Nobles, 1,278. Noble women, 750. Wives of laborers and artisans, 1,467. Religieuses, 350. Priests, 1,135. Common persons, not noble, 13,623.

The lowest estimate of the number of victims of the St. Bartholomew massacre, is 25,000 ; but there is every reason for supposing that the number was not less than 30,000.

In six weeks time, the supernaturalistically misguided duke of Alva, in

Paine resumed his pen. About the time when he brought out the second part of the "Age of Reason," he published several pamphlets on subjects less likely to inflame the passions of the bigoted and ignorant; the principal of these are his "Dissertation on first Principles of Government," "Agrarian Justice opposed to Agrarian Law," and the "Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance." The first of these is a continuation of the arguments advanced in the "Rights of Man;" the second is a plan for creating in every country a national fund "to pay to every person when arrived at the age of twenty-one years, the sum of fifteen pounds sterling, to enable him or her to begin the world, and also ten pounds sterling, per annum, during life, to every person, now living, of the age of fifty years, and to all others, when they shall arrive at that age, to enable them to live without wretchedness, in old age, and to go decently out of the world."

In 1796, he published at Paris a "Letter to General Washington." The principal subject of this letter was the treaty which had recently been concluded between the United States and Great Britain. From the articles of the treaty, Mr. Paine contends, that those who concluded it had compromised the honor of America, and the safety of her commerce, from a disposition to crouch to the British ministry. The cold neglect of Washington toward Mr. Paine during his imprisonment, forms likewise a prominent subject of the letter, and but for this circumstance, it is probable that it would never have appeared. Notwithstanding the high opinion which Washington professed to entertain of his services in behalf of American independence, he abandoned him in a few years afterward to the mercy of Robespierre, and during his imprisonment of eleven months, he never made an effort to release him. This was not the treatment which the author of "The Crisis" deserved at the hands of Washington, either as a private individual, or as president of the United States. Exclusive of Mr. Paine's being a citizen of the United States, and consequently entitled to the protection of its government, he had rendered her services which none but the ungrateful could forget; he had therefore no reason to expect that her chief magistrate would abandon him in the hour of

stigated the murder, for conscience sake, of 18,000 people, in the small kingdom of the Netherlands.

Is it not time that the murderous system of blame and punishment, together with their correlate, principle, was superseded?

peril. However deserving of our admiration some parts of General Washington's conduct towards Mr. Paine may be, his behaviour in this instance certainly reflects no honor upon his character ; and we are utterly at a loss for an excuse for it, on recollecting that when the American residents of Paris demanded Paine's release, the answer of the convention mainly was, that the demand could not be listened to "*in consequence of its not being authorized by the American government.*"

Mr. Paine regarded the United States as his home ; and although his spirit of universal philanthropy, his republican principles, and his resolution in attacking fraud in politics and superstition in religion, rendered him rather a citizen of the world, than of any particular country, he had domestic feelings and *pivotal* attachments. During his residence in Europe, he always declared his intention of returning to America ; the following extract from a letter of his to a lady at New York, will show the affectionate regard which he cherished for the country whose affairs were the means of first launching him into public life :—

' You touch me on a very tender point, when you say, *that my friends on your side of the water cannot be reconciled to the idea of my abandoning America even for my native England.* They are right. I had rather see my horse, Button, eating the grass of Bordertown, or Morrissania, than see all the pomp and show of Europe.

A thousand years hence, for I must indulge a few thoughts, perhaps in less, America may be what England now is. The innocence of her character, that won the hearts of all nations in her favor, may sound like a romance, and her inimitable virtue as if it had never been. The ruins of that liberty, which thousands bled to obtain, may just furnish materials for a village tale, or extort a sigh from rustic sensibility ; while the fashionable of that day, enveloped in dissipation, shall deride the principle and deny the fact.

When we contemplate the fall of empires, and the extinction of the nations of the ancient world, we see but little more to excite our regret than the mouldering ruins of pompous palaces, magnificent monuments, lofty pyramids, and walls and towers of the most costly workmanship : but when the empire of America shall fall, the subject for contemplative sorrow will be infinitely greater than crumbling brass or marble can inspire. It will not then be said, Here stood a temple of vast antiquity, here rose a Babal of invisible height,

or there a palace of sumptuous extravagance ; but here, ah ! painful thought ! the noblest work of human wisdom, the greatest scene of human glory, the fair cause of freedom, rose and fell ! Read this, then ask if I forgot America.'

In 1797, a society was formed in Paris, under the title of "Theophilanthropists." Of this society, Mr. Paine was one of the principal founders. More of this, anon.

This year Mr. Paine published a 'Letter to the People of France, on the Events of the eighteenth Fructidor.'

About the middle of the same year he also wrote a letter to Camille Jordan, one of the council of five hundred, respecting his report on the priests, public worship, and bells. 'It is want of feeling,' says he, 'to talk of priests and bells, while so many infants are perishing in the hospitals, and aged and infirm poor in the streets from the want of necessaries. The abundance that France produces is sufficient for every want, if rightly applied ; but priests and bells, like articles of luxury, ought to be the least articles of consideration.'

The publication of his deistical opinions lost Mr. Paine a great number of his friends, and, it is possible, that this might be one of the causes of General Washington's indifference. The clear, open, and bold manner in which he had exposed the fallacy of long established opinions, called forth the indignation of the whole order of priesthood both in England and America, and there was scarcely a house of devotion in either country, which did not ring with pious execrations against the author of the "Age of Reason." The apostles of superstition witnessed with amazement and terror the immense circulation of the work, and trembled at the possibility that men might come to think for themselves.*

* The late Mr. George H. Evans, (one of the first movers of the land reform question) was the first collector and publisher of Paine's Works in this country ; and the late Frances Wright D'Arusmont rendered, and Mrs. E. L. Rose is now rendering, most efficient aid in disseminating such views of these works as the popular mind is capable of taking.

The constructive revolutionist must admire the stand she has so bravely and ably taken with respect to woman's rights, however exceptionable some of the measures she has advocated may be considered.

But there is no danger that the legitimate object of man's adoration,—woman, *can* be drawn into that maelstrom of abomination,—caucus-and-ballot-boxism, and if I mistake not, Mrs. Rose does not press the extension of "*elective franchise*" to her sex quite as vigorously as she used to. At all events, she is doing good service to the cause of human emancipation ; she has been a pioneer in a reform on which further progress *importantly depends* ; for which she deserves the hearty "thanks of man and woman."

On leaving the house of Mr. Monroe, Paine boarded in the family of Nicholas Bonneville, a gentleman in good circumstances, and editor of a political paper, the "Bouche de Fer."

In 1797, the society of "Theophilanthropists" was formed in Paris; Men capable of any reflection began to see how utterly monstrous was the attempt to dispense with religion—with a universal higher law to which to appeal—with something to satisfy, or at least prevent from being utterly discouraged, the instinctive aspirations of the human heart. Robespierre objected to atheism as aristocratic; but Paine saw somewhat further than this, and Laréveillière, a member of the Directory, was impressed with the necessity of a system which should rival the catholic church itself. The idea was supremely great, and lacked only the Comtean conception of science to make it a success. As it was, however, it proved a worse failure than has even Christianity. *Pure Deism* is not at all more intelligible than is that mixture of Deism, Buddhism, Judaism, and Paganism, called Christianity; and the cold moralism which is attached to the one God system, the human heart instinctively abhors. Paine, and all the other doctors of divinity with whom he was in unison, were far behind even Mahomet, or Joe Smith, in respect to theology.

Hatry, a brother of the eminent crystallogist, assembled the first society of Theophilanthropists. They held their meetings on Sunday, and had their manual of worship and hymn-book.

Robespierre had, three years before, given a magnificent fete in honor of *l'Etre Suprême*, and Paine now delivered a discourse before one of the Theophilanthropist congregations,

Abner Kneland was, I believe, the first editor of the still only "openly avowed Infidel paper" in the United States,—the Boston Investigator; now edited by Horace Seaver, Esq.

As to Theodore Parker, his exertions in the cause of free inquiry are of world-wide notoriety; and I will here mention that "The Evidences against Christianity," by John S. Hittell, should be the hand-book of all those who look to reason, free discussion, and to an exposure of falsehood and error, for the salvation of the human race.

The services which Mr. Joseph Barker has rendered the liberal cause will not soon be forgotten. His debate with Dr. Berg floors Christianity to the utmost that *argument* can. But I much prefer the valedictory letter which he published in the "Investigator," previous to his departure for Europe. Evidently, the writer is beginning to see that something more than mere *negativism* is needed to put down superstition.

in which he attempted to blend science and "supernaturalism." That some parts of this discourse would have done honor to an Orthodox divine, the following extracts will attest:—"Do we want to contemplate His [God's] power? We see it in the immensity of the creation. Do we want to contemplate His wisdom? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate His mercy? We see it in His not withholding His abundance even from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is? Search not written books, but the Scriptures called the Creation."

The finale of the miserable political and religious farce which had been played in France, was, that, in 1799, Bonaparte sent a file of grenadiers to turn both the political and theological quacks out of their halls; and the sooner some Bonaparte does the same thing in the United States, the sooner will the cause of liberty be at least delivered from the management of those who are insulting, disgracing, and treacherously betraying it.

Whilst writing this, the two great parties of spoil-seekers in the United States, have been caucusing for, and have at length decided on, two individuals out of some thirty millions, one of whom is to be demagogism's cat's-paw general for the next four years.

The qualifications of one of these candidates for the presidential chair, consist in his having been a "farm-laborer, a common workman in a saw-mill, and a boatman on the Wabash and Mississippi rivers;" a wood-chopper, a hunter, a soldier in the Black Hawk war, a clerk in a store, and finally a sham-law manufacturer and monger—a member of a Legislature, and a lawyer. The qualifications of his opponent on the political race-course, are probably about as different *in respect to value*, from those just enumerated, as fiddlededum is from fiddlededee.

Those convenient tools of both parties, those chessmen with which the political game is played—*The People*, however, have great expectations of *reform* from whichever candidate they *vote* (*they vote!* do they? *Faugh!*) for, provided he is elected. But mark me well, my dear fellow-sufferers; you, and all, except about one in fifty or a hundred of the office-seekers whose thievish fingers itch for the public treasury, are destined to utter, and most woeful disappointment. Still, I neither *blame* the demagogues nor *yourselves*. In the concluding sentences of this history, I shall

tell you where the fault lies ; for I hope, that the political scamps who, in this country, are making the name of freedom a scorn and a derision throughout the rest of the world, will be eliminated by those who will make liberty an *actuality*. *How* this may be done, I claim to have demonstrated in "The Religion of Science," and "Essence of Science."

Throughout Paine's political writings, notwithstanding their popularistic dressings, there runs a tone entirely condemnatory of demagogism, and highly suggestive of *social science and art*. And there is no question but that the miserable abortion in which the liberty-agitation *seemed* to terminate in France, and the failing aspect which it took on in America, even in his day, all but "burst his mighty heart," and made him somewhat careless, though far from slovenly, with respect to his person.

Paine's opposition to the atheists, on the one hand, and to the cruelty of those who, headed by Robespierre, had instituted the worship of the "Supreme Being," on the other, had gradually rendered him unpopular in France. His remittances from the United States not being very regular, M. Bonneville added generosity to the nobleness which he, considering the circumstances displayed, in opening his door to Mr. Paine, by lending him money whenever he wanted it.

This kindness, Paine had soon both the opportunity and the means of reciprocating ; for majority absolutism had now become so unbearably despotic, so exceedingly morbid to the social organism in France, that to save civilization even from destruction, Bonaparte had to be invested with supreme power in the State, and the *nominally* free press of M. Bonneville was consequently stopped.

Mr. Paine's liberty mission in France, having now evidently failed, [always remembering that nothing in nature is an *absolute* failure—that progress is the constant rule and the *seeming* contrary but an aberration] he at once resolved to return to the United States, where he offered an asylum to M. Bonneville and family ; in consequence of which, Madame Bonneville and her three sons soon left Paris for New York.

Owing to some cause or other, but not to the one which Paine's slanderers were afterwards mulcted in damages, even in a Christian court of Justice, for assigning, M. Bonneville did not accompany them. The eldest son returned to his father, in Paris ; but Mr. Paine amply provided for the maintenance of Madame Bonneville and her two sons who remained in America.

At Paris, such personages as the Earl of Lauderdale, Dr. Moore, Brissot, the Marquis de Chatelet le Roi, General Miranda, Capt. Imlay, Joel Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, and Mary Wollstonecraft,* sought the honor of Mr. Paine's company.

That Mr. Paine's eloquence and power of reasoning were unsurpassed even by Cicero, Demosthenes or Daniel Webster, his political writings fully attest.

Before it became known who wrote "Common Sense," it was by some attributed to Dr. Franklin; others insisted that it was by that elegant writer of English,—John Adams.†

"It has been very generally propagated through the continent," says Mr. Adams, "that I wrote this pamphlet.*** I could not have written any thing in so manly and striking a style." This eulogy, be it remembered, was pronounced by one who was so jealous of Paine's credit in the matter of the Declaration of Independence, that, says Randall, in his Life of Thomas Jefferson, he "spares no occasion to underrate Paine's services, and to assault his opinions and character."‡

Mr. Randall continues:—

"A more effective popular appeal [than 'Common Sense'] never went to the bosoms of a nation. Its tone, its manner, its biblical illusions, its avoidance of all openly impassioned appeals to feeling, and its unanswerable *common sense* were exquisitely adapted to the great audience to which it was

* Authoress of "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman, with Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects." A work, the exceeding merit of which has been lost sight of, in its name, since woman's rights have been claimed to consist in the liberty to degrade herself to the level of the politician.

† That that great patriot, John Adams, and many other revolutionary worthies vaguely entertained the idea of Independence before "Common Sense" was published, there can be no doubt. But the question is, who had the courage to first propose the thing, and in a practical shape? That Mr. Adam's prudence predominated over his courage, great as that was, is further deducible from the strong reason there was for the inference that his religious opinions, if openly expressed, would have appeared as far from the orthodox standard, as were those of Paine. See Randall's Life of Jefferson, on this point.

‡ I have before called the attention of the reader to the fact that Rousseau was, like Paine, an "author hero;" his writings were prominently the text of the French Revolution. I will further remark, that whoever drew up the "Declaration of Independence," has given indisputable evidence of having well studied the "*Contrat Social*" of the author of the "world-famous" "*Confessions*."

addressed ; and calm investigation will satisfy the historical student, that its effect in preparing the popular mind for the Declaration of Independence, exceeded that of any other paper, speech, or document made to favor it, and it would scarcely be exaggeration to add, than all other such means put together."

"No writer," says Thomas Jefferson, "has exceeded Paine in ease and familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language."

Says General Washington, in a letter to Joseph Reed, (Jan. 31, 1776) ; "A few more such flaming arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet 'Common Sense,' will not leave numbers at a loss to decide on the propriety of a separation."

That Paine possessed a very superior degree of mechanical skill, his model for iron-bridges, abundantly proves. That his genius for poetry lacked but cultivating, I think will sufficiently appear from the following little effusion, extracted from his correspondence with a lady, afterwards the wife of Sir Robert Smith :—

FROM "THE CASTLE IN THE AIR," TO THE "LITTLE CORNER OF THE
WORLD."

In the region of clouds where the whirlwinds arise,
My castle of fancy was built ;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sun-beams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes, in its beautiful state,
Enamelled the mansion around,
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes and fountains and orange tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told ;
I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and rolled,
While wrapt in a slumber I lay :
And when I looked out in the morning, behold !
My castle was carried away.

It passed over rivers, and valleys, and groves—
The world, it was all in my view—
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That nature in silence had made :
The place was but small—but 't was sweetly serene,
And chequered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied with painful good will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air :
When all of a sudden my castle stood still.
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view—
When who should I meet, in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness—but you.

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,
I felt no more sorrow nor pain ;
And the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my castle again.'

On the subject of the simplicity of Mr. Paine's habits, and his general amiability, his friend Clio Rickman remarks :—

"He usually rose about seven, breakfasted with his friend Choppin, Johnson, and two or three other Englishmen, and a Monsieur La Borde, who had been an officer in the ci-devant garde du corps, an intolerable aristocrat, but whose skill in mechanics and geometry brought on a friendship between him and Paine ; for the undaunted and distinguished ability and firmness with which he ever defended his own opinions when controverted, do not reflect higher honor upon him than that unbounded liberality toward the opinion of others which constituted such a prominent feature in his character, and which

never suffered mere difference of sentiment, whether political or religious, to interrupt the harmonious intercourse of friendship, or impede the interchanges of knowledge and information.

After breakfast he usually strayed an hour or two in the garden, where he one morning pointed out the kind of spider whose web furnished him with the first idea of constructing his iron bridge; a fine model of which, in mahogany, is preserved at Paris.

The little happy circle who lived with him here will ever remember these days with delight: with these select friends he would talk of his boyish days, play at chess, whist, piquet, or cribbage, and enliven the moments by many interesting anecdotes: with these he would sport on the broad and fine gravel walk at the upper end of the garden, and then retire to his boudoir, where he was up to his knees in letters and papers of various descriptions. Here he remained till dinner-time; and unless he visited Brissot's family, or some particular friend in the evening, which was his frequent custom, he joined again the society of his favorites and fellow-boarders, with whom his conversation was often witty and cheerful, always acute and improving, but never frivolous.

Incorrupt, straightforward, and sincere, he pursued his political course in France, as everywhere else, let the government or clamor or faction of the day be what it might, with firmness, with clearness, and without a "shadow of turning."

In all Mr. Paine's inquiries and conversations he evinced the strongest attachment to the investigation of truth, and was always for going to the fountain-head for information. He often lamented we had no good history of America, and that the letters written by Columbus, the early navigators, and others, to the Spanish court, were inaccessible, and that many valuable documents, collected by Philip II., and deposited with the national archives at Simanca, had not yet been promulgated. He used to speak highly of the sentimental parts of Raynal's History."

Of course, Mr. Paine did not escape the imputation of being "immoral." The cry of "immorality" and "licentiousness" has been raised against every one who has ever proposed a social system different from the prevailing one, from the time of him who preferred harlotry to phariseism, to that of Charles Fourier.

Luther no more escaped the accusation of being a sensua-

list, than did Thomas Paine; and had not Milton written "Paradise Lost," and *professed* the "orthodox" religion, his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" would have placed him on the same historical page with those reformers Dr. T. L. Nichols, Dr. E. Lazarus, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.*

Paine did not, as we have seen, live with his wife; but if he refrained from sexual intercourse, it must have been because he was afraid of what the world might say, (a supposition too absurd, in his case, to be entertained for a moment) or because he had little taste for amorous pleasures; or, lastly, because he wanted to show the world that liberalism was such a matter of moon-shine, that it was not even inimi-

* The first of these gentlemen favored mankind with "Esoteric Anthropology," and "Marriage; Its History," &c. The second is the author of "Love vs. Marriage;" and the third took the free love side of the question in the famous discussion on Marriage and Divorce between himself and the Hon. Horace Greeley, and is author of "The Science of Society," and several other progressive works, and of an admirable system of instruction in the French language.

It is difficult to see how a person of Mr. Greeley's understanding could have taken the side he did in the controversy just alluded to, and also in the renewal of that controversy between himself and the Hon. Robert Dale Owen.

That monogamy, like polygamy, *has served* a useful purpose, every one capable of tracing progress, can of course see; but how such an one can fail to perceive that these institutions have about equally become worn out, and morbid to the social organism, both in Western Europe and the United States, is to me somewhat mysterious. Are not those crowning curses, (excepting, of course, demagogism) prostitution, and pauperism, alarmingly on the increase? And does not the former flourish most, where the chords of matrimony are drawn the tightest?

But the fact that Mr. Greeley magnanimously opened the columns of "The Tribune" to the other side of the question, shows that he had full confidence in the arguments on his side, and this ought to dispel all doubts as to his sincerity, and the uprightness of his intention. It is only hypocrites or downright fools, who wish to have truth, with respect to religious or social questions, suppressed.

Still, I respectfully ask you, Mr. Editor of "The New York Tribune,"—did you during your visit to Mormondom; observe any part of Salt Lake City, in which humanity touched a lower depth than that to which it sinks in our Five Points, and in the vicinity of the junction of Water- and Roosevelt-streets? And do you really think, that even in the harem of Brigham Young, female degradation is greater than in the New York *palaces* of harlotry? *En passant*, one of these has just been fitted up, the furniture alone in which cost *thirty thousand dollars!* Yet New York is almost the only State in the Union, wherein exists what Mr. Greeley considers orthodox marriage—marriage, from the bonds of which there is no escape, except through the door of *actual* adultery, natural death, or *murder*; often by poison, but generally through the infliction of *mental agony!*

cal to what a religious system which upholds crucifixion and self-denial, palms of on its dupes for "virtue;" that liberalism has no virtue of its own, and therefore has to borrow and adopt that the very basis of which is supernaturalistic self-enslavement; that free-thinking is a mere speculative, impracticable, abstract sort of freedom, which it would not be "virtuous" to accompany by free acting; that liberty, even in the most important particular, (as all physiologists know) is but a mere figment of the imagination, over which to debate or hold free discussions; or, at most, to write songs, plays, and novels about.

But what is most worthy of remark in this connection is, that had the discoverer of the steam-engine, or of the electrical telegraph been a very Rochester, or Caesar Borgia, the circumstance would not have been mentioned as an objection to a steam-boat passage, or to a telegraphic dispatch; and only when sociology is rescued from the wild regions of the speculative and becomes an art, will it have a rule of its own; a rule which will free *all the natural passions* from the shackles of *ignorance of how to beneficially gratify them*.

For a reason which will presently appear, I shall now call the readers attention, to the letter of Joel Barlow, written in answer to one from that vilest of slanderers and renegados,—James Cheetham. This letter was written to obtain information; nay, not information, but *what might be tortured into appearing such*, with a view to sending forth to a prejudiced world, that tissue of falsehoods, which Cheetham had the audacity to palm off on it for the Life of Thomas Paine.

TO JAMES CHEETHAM.

"SIR:

I have received your letter calling for information relative to the life of Thomas Paine. It appears to me that this is not the moment to publish the life of that man in this country. His own writings are his best life, and these are not read at present.

The greatest part of the readers in the United States will not be persuaded as long as their present feelings last, to consider him in any other light than as a drunkard and a deist. The writer of his life who should dwell on these topics, to the exclusion of the great and estimable traits of his real character, might, indeed, please the rabble of the age who do not know him; the book might sell; but it would only tend to

render the truth more obscure, for the future biographer than it was before.

But if the present writer should give us Thomas Paine *complete* in all his character as one of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind, endowed with the clearest perception, an uncommon share of original genius, and the greatest breadth of thought ; if this piece of biography should analyze his literary labors, and rank him as he ought to be ranked among the brightest and most undeviating luminaries of the age in which he has lived—yet with a mind assailable by flattery, and receiving through that weak side a tincture of vanity which he was too proud to conceal ; with a mind, though strong enough to bear him up, and to rise elastic under the heaviest load of oppression, yet unable to endure the contempt of his former friends and fellow-laborers, the rulers of the country that had received his first and greatest services—a mind incapable of looking down with serene compassion, as it ought, on the rude scoffs of their imitators, a new generation that knows him not ; a mind that shrinks from their society, and unhappily seeks refuge in low company, or looks for consolation in the sordid, solitary bottle, till it sinks at last so far below its native elevation as to lose all respect for itself, and to forfeit that of his best friends, disposing these friends almost to join with his enemies, and wish, though from different motives, that he would haste to hide himself in the grave—if you are disposed and prepared to write his life, *thus entire*, to fill up the picture to which these hasty strokes of outline give but a rude sketch with great vacuities, your book may be a useful one for another age, but it will not be relished, nor scarcely tolerated in this.

The biographer of Thomas Paine should not forget his mathematical acquirements, and his mechanical genius. His invention of the *iron bridge*, which led him to Europe in the year 1787, has procured him a great reputation in that branch of science, in France and England, in both which countries his bridge has been adopted in many instances, and is now much in use.

You ask whether he took an oath of allegiance to France. Doubtless, the qualification to be a member of the convention required an oath of fidelity to that country, but involved in it no abjuration of his fidelity to this. He was made a French citizen by the same decree with Washington, Hamilton, Priestley, and Sir James Mackintosh.

What Mr. M——— has told you relative to the circum-

stances of his arrestation by order of Robespierre, is erroneous, at least in one point. Paine did not lodge at the house where he was arrested, but had been dining there with some Americans, of whom Mr. M——— may have been one. I never heard before, that Paine was intoxicated that night. Indeed the officers brought him directly to my house, which was two miles from his lodgings, and about as much from the place where he had been dining. He was not intoxicated when they came to me. Their object was to get me to go the and assist them to examine Paine's papers. It employed us rest of that night, and the whole of the next day at Paine's lodgings; and he was not committed to prison till the next evening.

You ask what company he kept—he always frequented the best, both in England and France, till he became the object of calumny in certain American papers (echoes of the English court papers), for his adherence to what he thought the cause of liberty in France, till he conceived himself neglected, and despised by his former friends in the United States. From that moment he gave himself very much to drink, and, consequently, to companions less worthy of his better days.

It is said he was always a peevish inmate—this is possible. So was Lawrence Sterne, so was Torquato Tasso, so was J. J. Rousseau;* but Thomas Paine, as a visiting acquaintance and as a literary friend, the only points of view in which I knew him, was one of the most instructive men I ever have known. He had a surprising memory and brilliant fancy; his mind was a storehouse of facts and useful observations; he was full of lively anecdote, and ingenious original, pertinent remark upon almost every subject.

He was always charitable to the poor beyond his means, a sure protector and friend to all Americans in distress that he found in foreign countries. And he had frequent occasions to exert his influence in protecting them during the revolution in France. His writings will answer for his patriotism, and his entire devotion to what he conceived to be the best interest and happiness of mankind.

This, sir, is all I have to remark on the subject you mention. Now I have only one request to make, and that would doubtless seem impertinent, were you not the editor of a news-

* The peevishness of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson is notorious; and David, the "man after God's own heart," was so inveterately peevish as to *sing*, whilst he forced the sweet tones of his harp to accompany the spiteful canticle, "All men *are* liars."

paper ; it is, that you will not publish my letter, nor permit a copy of it to be taken.

I am, sir, &c.,

JOEL BARLOW.

KALORAMA, *August 11, 1809.*"

"Mr. Barlow," says Mr. Vale, "was in France at the time of Mr. Paine's death, and knew not his habits. Cheetham wrote to him, informed him of his object, mentioned that Paine was *drunken and low* in his company towards the latter years of his life, and says he was *informed* that he was *drunk* when taken to prison in France. Now Mr. Barlow does not contradict Cheetham ; he could not, as Cheetham had the better opportunity of knowing facts, and Mr. Barlow does not suspect him of falsehood ; as who would ? He therefore *presumes* Mr. Cheetham correct in the statement, and goes on, not to excuse Paine, but to present his acknowledged good qualities as a set-off. Then Cheetham publishes this letter, and presents, to a cursory reader, Mr. Joel Barlow as acknowledging Mr. Paine's intemperance, and other infirmities, which had no other foundation than Cheetham's declaration, given to deceive Barlow ; who afterwards, as we have seen, gives Barlow's letter to deceive the public."

The late Mr. D. Burger, a respectable watch and clock maker in the city of New York, and who, when a boy, was clerk in the store which furnished Mr. Paine's groceries, personally assured the writer of this, that all the liquor which Mr. Paine bought, both for himself and his friends, at a time, too, when drinking was fashionable, was *one quart a week*.

Before returning to the thread of this narrative, I will call the attention of the reader to the following letter, from Mr. Jefferson, written to Mr. Paine, in answer to one which the latter wrote to him, from Paris :—

"You express a wish in your letter to return to America by a national ship ; Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty, and who will present you with this letter, is charged with orders to the captain of the Maryland to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will in general find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times ; in these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may live long to continue your useful labors, and reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere

prayer. Accept the assurances of my high esteem, and affectionate attachment.

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

Mr. Jefferson had, during the election campaign which seated him in the presidential chair, been pronounced an infidel; and, says Randall, in his "*Life of Jefferson*." "It was asserted in the Federal newspapers generally, and *preached* from a multitude of pulpits, that one of the first acts of the President, after entering office, was to send a national vessel to invite and bring 'Tom Paine' to America."

"Paine was an infidel," continues Randall. "He had written politically against Washington. He was accused of inebriety, and a want of chastity, [of the truth of both which accusations Randall strongly indicates his unbelief.] But he was the author of "Common Sense" and the "Crisis."

On the occasion of Paine's writing to Jefferson, that he was coming to visit him at Monticello, Randall again remarks:—"Mrs. Randolph, and we think Mrs. Epps, both daughters of the Church of England, were not careful to conceal that they would have much preferred to have Mr. Paine stay away. Mr. Jefferson turned to the speaker with his gentlest smile, and remarked in substance: "Mr. Paine is not, I believe, a favorite among the ladies—but he is too well entitled to the hospitality of every American, not to cheerfully receive mine." Paine came, and remained a day or two, **** and left Mr. Jefferson's mansion, the subject of lighter prejudices, than he entered it."

Mr. Paine was to have accompanied Mr. Monroe back to the United States, but was unable to complete his arrangements in time. This was fortunate; for the vessel in which the American minister embarked was, on her passage, boarded by a British frigate, and thoroughly searched for the author of "*The Rights of Man*." Paine then went to Havre; but finding that several British frigates were cruising about the port, he returned to Paris.

Seeing himself thus balked, he wrote to Mr. Jefferson, as before stated, for assistance, which produced the letter above copied. He did not, however, for some cause or other, take passage in the Maryland. He next agreed to sail with Commodore Barney, but was accidentally detained beyond the time, and the vessel in which he was to have embarked, was lost at sea.

In addition to these remarkable preservations, Paine, in 1805, was shot at through the window of his own house, at New Rochelle, and escaped unharmed; also the privateer in which, but for the interference of his father, (as we have seen) he would, when a youth, have sailed, lost 174 out of her crew of 200 men, in a single battle; and when he was in prison, as has already been related, he missed going to the guillotine, in consequence of the jailor, whose business it was to put the death-mark on the cell doors of the doomed, not noticing that the door of the cell which contained the author of the "Age of Reason" was open flat against the wall, so that the inside was marked for the information of Paine, instead of the outside for the instruction of the executioner.*

* "But in this set of Tumbrils [the dung-carts in which the victims of the Reign of Terror were dragged to execution] there are two other things notable: one notable person; and one want of a notable person. The notable person is Lieutenant-General Loiserolles, a nobleman by birth, and by nature; laying down his life here for his son. In the prison of Saint-Lazare, the night before last, hurrying to the gate to hear the death-list read, he caught the name of his son. The son was asleep at the moment. "I am Loiserolles," cried the old man; at Tinville's bar, an error in the Christian name is little; small objection was made.—The want of the notable person, again, is that of Deputy Paine! Paine has sat in the Luxembourg since January; and seemed forgotten; but Fouquier had pricked him at last. The Turnkey, list in hand, is marking with chalk the outer doors of to-morrow's *Fournée*. Paine's outer door happened to be open, turned back on the wall; the Turnkey marked it on the side next him, and hurried on; another Turnkey came, and shut it; no chalk-mark now visible, the *Fournée* went without Paine. Paine's life lay not there."—*Carlyle*.

Fouquier Tinville, above alluded to, was the head jurymen of the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was far more blood-thirsty than was Robespierre himself. Was not the proof of his atrocities indubitable, it would be impossible to believe that such horrors ever took place. Yet such a "man of principle," and so *incorruptible* was this horrible wretch, that, says Allison, "women, the pleasures of the table, or of the theatre, were alike indifferent to him.*** He might during the period of his power, have amassed an immense fortune; he remained to the last poor, and his wife is said to have died of famine. His lodgings were destitute of every comfort; their whole furniture, after his death, did not sell for twenty pounds. No seduction could influence him." I will add, *so much for principle*. FOUQUIER TINVILLE WAS, PAST ALL QUESTION, VIRTUOUS, HONEST, SINCERE, CONSCIENTIOUS. Had this miserable victim of the cruellest and hardest to be got rid of delusion that mankind were ever infatuated with, been as destitute of all "virtuous" qualities as was Alexander VI., he could, at worst, have been bought off, and would probably not have perpetrated a tithe of the evil he did. He at last, like Robespierre, "sealed his testimony" on the scaffold.

The French, like ourselves, had been taught to venerate a religious system which deifies that crowning atrocity, *crucifixion to satisfy justice!* and

Had a missionary of superstition been thus preserved, how the hand of "God" would have been seen in the matter.

He at last sailed from Havre, on the 1st of September, 1802, and arrived at Baltimore, on the 30th of October, following.

From Baltimore he went to Washington, where he was kindly received by the President, Thomas Jefferson. This gentleman thought so highly of him, that a few days before his arrival, he remarked to a friend,—“If there be an office in my gift, suitable for him to fill, I will give it to him; I will never abandon old friends to make room for new ones.” Jefferson was one of the few among Paine’s *illustrious* friends, who never joined the priest ridden multitude against him. He corresponded with him up to the time of his death.

Mr. Paine was now between sixty and seventy years of age, yet vigorous in body, and with a mind not at all impaired.

Of the manner in which he was generally received on his return to the United States, we can form a very fair judg-

which consequently canonizes daily and hourly self-crucifixion. In all candour I ask, was not *practical faith* in the guillotine the natural result? and are not war, duelling, torturing, hanging, imprisoning; together with blaming and despising our unfortunate fellow creatures as vicious,—as less holy than our stupid selves, the *practical logic* of “virtue” and “principle?” And were not Marat, Joseph Lebon, St. Just, Robespierre, Tinvill, and the rest of that ilk, the tools—the agents—the *faithful servants*, and finally the *victims* of the supernaturalistically educated and virtuously inclined *majority*? The arch tyrant who was at the bottom of *all* this, I shall take in hand presently, and show how to conquer; ay, annihilate him.

If the grand truth was taught us from our cradles, that we can no more expect well-doing without the requisite *materialistic conditions*, than we can expect a watch to keep time except on condition that every wheel and spring shall be in artistic harmony with each other, where would be malice! And if we *practiced* in accordance with this grand truth, where would be either wholesale or retail murder? where would be wrong of *any* description?

“I don’t know about that,” methinks I hear the mildest of the old fogies exclaim. Well, my dear fellow biped, I’ll tell you one thing you do most assuredly *feel to be true*; and you know it to be true, as sure as you are capable of the slightest connection of ideas. It is this. The present method of reforming the world, has, *since the most barbarous age*, never done aught but make it a great deal worse. Are people more honest or less gallant now than they ever were? And if civilized nations are not quite so cruel, especially in war time, as are savages, is not that clearly traceable to science and art? Show me where man is least cruel, and I will show you where “supernaturalism,” the synonym for ignorance, and the very basis of “virtue,” principle, and moralism, has lost the most ground, and where science and art have gained the most.

ment from the following letter to his friend, Clio Rickman :—

“ MY DEAR FRIEND :

Mr. Monroe, who is appointed minister extraordinary to France, takes charge of this, to be delivered to Mr. Este, banker in Paris, to be forwarded to you.

I arrived at Baltimore 30th October, and you can have no idea of the agitation which my arrival occasioned. From New Hampshire to Georgia (an extent of 1500 miles), every newspaper was filled with applause or abuse.

My property in this country has been taken care of by my friends, and is now worth six thousand pounds sterling ; which put in the funds will bring me £400 sterling a year.

Remember me in friendship and affection to your wife and family, and in the circle of our friends.

Yours in friendship,
THOMAS PAINE.”

With respect to the course which Mr. Paine intended, for the future, to pursue, he says :—

I have no occasion to ask, nor do I intend to accept, any place or office in the government.

There is none it could give me that would in any way be equal to the profits I could make as an author, (for I have an established fame in the literary world) could I reconcile it to my principles to make money by my politics or religion ; I must be in everything as I have ever been, a disinterested volunteer : my proper sphere of action is on the common floor of citizenship, and to honest men I give my hand and my heart freely.

I have some manuscript works to publish, of which I shall give proper notice, and some mechanical affairs to bring forward, that will employ all my leisure time.”

From Washington, Mr. Paine went to New York, and put up at the City Hotel, where the mayor and De Witt Clinton called on him ; and, notwithstanding the influence of the emissaries of superstition and their dupes, he was honored with a public dinner, by a most respectable and numerous party ; and it is worthy of remark that Cheetham, then editor of a democratic daily paper, was particularly officious in helping to make the arrangements.

In respect to Cheetham's fictions about the slovenliness

of Mr. Paine, if there had been any truth in his assertions, would not his most intimate friends, such as De Witt Clinton, the mayor of New York, and Mr. Jarvis, have noticed it? The truth about this is, that Mr. Paine, though always clean, was as *careless* in his dress as were Napoleon and Frederic the Great; and almost as lavish of his snuff. We have the positive and very respectable testimony of Mr. John Fellows, that Mr. Paine's slovenliness went no further than this.

But the sun of liberty had now so evidently passed meridian in America, that most of the leading politicians of the day considered it for their interests to turn their backs on Mr. Paine; this threw the great martyr to the cause of freedom into the society of a class of people with better hearts, and except in respect of political gambling and fraud, with sounder heads.

Among this class was a respectable tradesman, a blacksmith and veterinary surgeon, of the name of Carver. When a boy, he had known Paine, who also, recollected him by some little services which Carver reminded him that he had performed for him at Lewes, in Sussex, England; such, for instance, as saddling his horse for him. Mr. Carver was comfortably situated, and was honest and independent enough to openly avow the religious opinions of the author of the "Age of Reason." Paine boarded at his house some time before going to live at New Rochelle.

In a fit of anger, however, the unsuspecting Mr. Carver afterwards became the tool of Cheetham; a circumstance which he (Carver) sorely regretted to the day of his death.

I once met him at a celebration of Paine's birth-day, and shall never forget the anxiety which the venerable old gentleman exhibited to do away with the wrong impression which the great libeller of Mr. Paine had betrayed him into making on the public mind. The circumstances were, in short, these: Carver had presented a bill for board to Mr. Paine, which the latter (who, as truly generous people usually are, was very economical) considered exorbitant, and, therefore, hastily proposed paying off-hand, and having nothing more to do with Carver. Carver would probably not have presented any bill at all, had he not been, just then, in rather straightened circumstances, and at the same time aware that Mr. Paine was in affluence. He got into a passion at the manner in which Mr. Paine treated his claim, wrote him some angry letters, and unfortunately kept copies of them; which Cheetham, without letting him know what use he intended

to make of them, managed to get hold of, and publish after Mr. Paine's death, though the difficulty which elicited them, had been immediately and amicably adjusted between the parties concerned.

This piece of chicanery, however, cost Cheetham a conviction for libel on Madam Bonneville, who had been, though only by inuendo, mentioned in the letters aforesaid, in a manner which society, in its present state of wisdom, pleases to consider scandalous.

When Mr. Paine went to New Rochelle, he boarded with Mr. Purdy, who lived on his farm. He offered Madam Bonneville and her two sons his small farm at Bordentown. But that rural retreat was so different from Paris, that she chose to remain in New York, where she taught French occasionally, but was almost wholly supported by Mr. Paine.

Madam Bonneville, though generally amiable, sometimes contracted debts which Mr. Paine conceived unnecessary. She furthermore, says Mr. Vale, "did not scruple to send bills in to him which he had not sanctioned." To check which propensity, Mr. Paine once allowed himself to be sued by a Mr. Wilburn, for a debt of thirty-five dollars for her board; but after nonsuiting the plaintiff, he paid the debt. As a proof that there was never any serious quarrel between Mr. Paine and Madam Bonneville, that lady, her husband and family were, as we shall presently see, Mr. Paine's principal legatees.

To oblige his friends, Mr. Paine after a while left his farm at New Rochelle, and went back to Carver's to board; where he remained till he took up his residence at the house of Mr. Jarvis, the celebrated painter, who relates the following anecdote of his guest:

"One afternoon, a very old lady, dressed in a large scarlet cloak, knocked at the door, and inquired for Thomas Paine. Mr. Jarvis told her he was asleep. 'I am very sorry,' she said, 'for that, for I want to see him very particularly.' Thinking it a pity to make an old woman call twice, Mr. Jarvis took her into Paine's bed-room and waked him. He rose upon one elbow, and then, with an expression of eye that staggered the old woman, back a step or two, he asked—'What do you want?'—'Is your name Paine?'—'Yes.' Well then, I come from Almighty God, to tell you, that if you do not repent of your sins and believe in our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, you will be damned, and '———' Poh,

poh, it is not true. You were not sent with such an impertinent message. Jarvis, make her go away. Pshaw, he would not send such a foolish old woman as you about with his messages. Go away. Go back. Shut the door. The old lady raised both her hands, kept them so, and without saying another word, walked away in mute astonishment."

In 1807, Mr. Paine, now in the seventieth year of his age, removed to the house of Mr. Hitt, a baker, in Broome-street, street. Whilst here, he published "An Examination of the Passages in the New Testament, quoted from the Old, and called Prophecies of the Coming of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Paine lived in Partition-street successively; and afterwards, in Greenwich-street; but becoming too feeble to be thus moving about among boarding houses, Madam Bonneville, in May, 1809, hired for his accommodation a small house in Columbia-street, where she attended on him till his death.

Mr. Paine had moved from house to house, as we have seen, not because he had not ample resources, but, partly to oblige his friends, and partly for the variety it afforded, partly because it suited his plain and simple habits, and partly because, like most old people, he had become a little too frugal.

Perceiving his end approaching, Mr. Paine applied to Willit Hicks, an influential preacher of the Society of Friends, for permission to be buried in their cemetery. Mr. Hicks laid the proposition before the members of his meeting, who, to their eternal disgrace returned a negative answer.

Of course, the author of "Age of Reason," was now beset by the emissaries of superstition. The clergy themselves not being aware of the momentous, eternal, and impregnable *materialistic truth* which the folly they teach encrusts, were panic-struck at finding the battery of reason, which had proved so powerful, under Paine's management, against kings, aimed at them, and by the same skilful engineer. They therefore spared no pains which malice and the mean cowardice which a "consciousness of guilt" inspires, could invent, to get up some show of materials, out of which to manufacture a recantation. But not the least particle of any proof of what they sought did they obtain; all the pious tales with which they have insulted the world on the subject, are sheer fabrications. Yet the Christian judge who sentenced Cheetham for libel on account of one of these wretched impositions, did not blush, says Mr. Vale, to "compli-

ment" that arch impostor for having by the very act for which he was legally compelled to condemn him to pay "heavy damages" produced a work useful to religion!"*

Not long before his death, Mr. Paine, in the course of conversation with his friend Jarvis, at whose house he then was, observed: "Now I am in health, and in perfect soundness of mind; now is the time to express my opinion." He then solemnly declared that his views, as set forth in his theological writings, remained the same.

The late Dr. Manly, on the occasion of my calling his attention to an article in an English Encyclopedia which conveyed the idea that he testified to Paine's recantation, assured me that the author of "The Age of Reason" "did not recant;" and the Doctor seemed not over pleased, that his words had been tortured into giving the impression they did. He believed that Mr. Paine's last words were,—“I don't wish to hear anything more about that man;” in answer to the question,—“Do you wish to believe in Jesus Christ?” I think I remember Dr. Manly's words correctly, though Mr. Vale says that the answer of Paine, as reported by Dr. Manly, was,—“I have no wish to relieve on the subject.” It will be perceived, however, that there is no material difference; and that Dr. Manly might, on two several occasions, and at wide intervals, have stated the answer in both ways; either of which, conveys essentially the same meaning.

On one occasion, a Methodist preacher obtruded himself on Mr. Paine, and abruptly told him that, “unless he repented of his unbelief, he would be damned.” To which, the almost dying man, partly rising in his bed, indignantly answered, that if he was able, he would immediately put him out of the room. This scene is related by Mr. Willit Hicks, of whom mention has already been made.

The clergy condescended, in their desperation to blacken the character, and destroy the influence of him who they feared would otherwise put an end to the craft by which they had their wealth, to make use of means which, in pity to poor human nature, would I gladly consign to oblivion, and shall,

* From a large pamphlet, entitled "Grant Thorburn and Thomas Paine," recently put forth gratis by Mr. Oliver White, I learn that a religious publisher in New York has, within a few years past, had to pay damages for a malicious article aimed at the character of Paine, but which incidentally hit somebody else; which article, it is but justice to the publisher's memory (for he is now dead) to say, he was betrayed into publishing, probably without any ill intention on his part.

therefore, mention only some prominent cases. I have named Cheetham, as he was a public character—an editor. But I shall in mercy let the names of the private individuals who were the tools which the priesthood made use of in this connection, sink beneath contempt; in fact, I feel not altogether guiltless of sacrilege, in placing the name of any one of Thomas Paine's slanderers in the same volume which contains his.

It has herein been indubitably proven that the first part of "The Age of Reason," *the first of Paine's "infidel" productions*, be it remembered, was written in 1793; and that the second part was written some time thereafter. Franklin died in 1790. Yet the "American Tract Society" has not scrupled to assert, in a tract entitled "Don't Unchain the Tiger," that "When an infidel production was submitted—probably by Paine—to Benjamin Franklin, in manuscript, he returned it to the author, with a letter, from which the following is extracted: "*I would advise you not to attempt UNCHAINING THE TIGER, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person.*" "*If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be WITHOUT it?*"

"*Think,*" said he to Paine, in a letter, to which allusion has been made, "*how many inconsiderate and inexperienced youth of both sexes there are, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes habitual.*"

It will be perceived that the above pretended extract is given as though it was *verbatim*; though from a letter which, in a very circuitous manner, and one most ingeniously calculated to deceive is, after all, confessed to be only "*probably*" written. The concluding portion of the extract, is given only after considerable pious dust has been most artistically thrown in the eyes of the more prayerful than careful reader. Here, the author of "Don't Unchain the Tiger," resolves no longer to let "I dare not, wait upon I would," but *fully* declares, though in a manner that would do credit to the most trickish jesuit, that ever *mentally reserved the truth*, that the "*letter to which mention has been made,*" was written by FRANKLIN to Paine, evidently, as all can see, who have mastered the second rule of arithmetic, *three years after the death of the writer.*" Yet Protestants laugh at Catholics, for swallowing transubstantiation.

How firmly did they who put forth "Don't Unchain The Tiger," believe in revelation? How much faith had

they, in the truth of a book wherein it is printed, that "God" had declared— "Liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone?"

Mark this "*probably*" well. There is in it such an exquisiteness of all that is mean, cowardly, mendacious, and contemptible.

If the writer of "Don't Unchain the Tiger" ever saw *any* letter from which he extracted what he pretends he has, did not that letter inform him, past all "*probably*," and *before he made the first part of the extract*, BY whom, and TO whom, it was written?

Oh, ye priests! How low are ye fallen! What lower depths *can* human degradation touch? How much smaller *can* you, your own contemptible selves, suppose the intellectual calibre of your poor dupes to be? What satisfaction can you feel in the reverence of those whose understandings you thus estimate?

Compare the *present position*, in the social organism, of your *sincere disciples*, with that which they occupied when what you teach was the highest which man was prepared to receive.

But unless my memory serves me very badly, this "Tiger" tract was originally published *without* the "*probably*;" and unequivocally named the "Age of Reason." I recollect well, that about twenty-five years ago, a committee, one of whom was the famous infidel lecturer, the late Mr. Benjamin Offen, called at the Tract Society's agency, and pointed out how impossible it was that this "Tiger" publication which hailed from thence, could be true; and I am strongly impressed that this miserable "*probably*" has been the result.

Clergymen, it is neither in malice nor anger, but with feelings of unfeigned sorrow and pity, that I use such language to and respecting you. I have not a wish that would not be gratified, were you at this moment at the head of mankind, *teaching the knowable*; and until you are *worthily* reinstated in your *rightful*—your *natural* position in the social organism, violence, fraud, humbug—in fine, *demagogism*, will there revel, and you will be its degraded purveyor. How do you relish the impudence with which demagogism now snubs you back to the "supernatural," whenever you dare utter a *practical* word?

I could fill twenty pages or more with extracts, many of them documentary, from previous histories of Paine, going to prove that the author of "The Age of Reason" never recanted.

But can it be possible that those who possess a spark of reason, even, can consider the matter of the slightest consequence? The question of the truth or falsehood of a proposition is a matter for the judgment to decide. Is the judgment of a dying man more clear than that of a perfectly healthy one? Was there ever an instance known, of a human biped being so big a fool, as to go to a dying man, for advice in preference to going to him for it when he was in health, where *any known* value was concerned? The thing is too absurd to waste another word upon; and I have noticed it at all, only to show to what meanness modern priests will stoop; to what miserable shifts the corrupt hangers on to the superannuated and effete, are at length reduced. At this day the wretched fortune-teller who deals out supernaturalism by the fifty cents worth, may justly feel proud by the side of the archbishop—by the side of the successors of those who, before the dawn of science, taught the highest which man was capable of receiving, thus starting civilization into existence, and justly becoming mightier than kings. But the time is fast approaching when they will teach the knowable and efficient, and resume their natural position, that of the head of the social organism. Till when, confusion will keep high holiday, folly be rampant, ignorance supreme, and superstition and demagogism will be rife. The case is as clear as this:—Man comes into the world ignorant, and of course needs teaching. Yet what has been palmed off on man for elective government, *confessedly but represents him*. The clergy *professedly teach him*; and of course, when they teach him right, as they will soon find out that it is immeasurably more for their own advantage to do, than it is to teach him wrong, all will be well. The human race will, from that point in teaching, rapidly develop into a harmoniously regulated organism; a grand being, or God, to whom all the conceivable and desirable will be possible. Each individual will act as freely as do the wheels and springs of a perfect, because *scientifically and artistically*, and *harmoniously* regulated time-keeper.

At whatever stage of development caucus-and-ballot-boxism takes charge of man, it assumes that he is, in the main, wise enough already; that the majority is the fountain-head of both wisdom and power; that rulers are legitimately but the *servants* of the *ruled*. What balderdash.

The only government, except that of despotism or humbug, that man ever has had, now has, or ever can have, was,

is, and must be, *under simple nature*, that of science and art—that of teaching.

“Let me make the people’s songs, and I care not who makes their laws,” said Napoleon. “Let me make the people’s cradle-hymns and Sunday-school catechisms,” say I, “and I will defy all the power which can be brought against me to supplant me in their government, *except by adopting my method.*”

And when the people’s cradle-hymns and Sunday school catechisms are composed by those who qualify themselves to lead, direct, or govern mankind by science and art, and who derive human law from the whole body of the knowable, instead of from the wild regions of the speculative, and from the arbitrary subjective, the world will be delivered from religious, political, social, and moral quackery; *but not till then.* And to whomsoever says “*lo here,*” “*lo there,*” or lo any where except to the science of sciences and art of arts of *how* to be free, I say, and appeal for my justification, to the entire past,—*you are deceived or a deceiver.*

If the world was not deluded with the idea that reason and free discussion are the only means that are available against priestcraft and statecraft, it would long since have discovered and applied the true remedy, viz: to seize the citadel of the infant mind—of education; and thus institute a religion and government of science and art, in place of a religion of mystery and a government of despotism and humbug. False religion and its correlate—bad government, must be *prevented*. Whatever religious or governmental notions are *bred into* man, can never to any efficient extent, be got out of him.

Priestcraft and statecraft, in England and the United States, would like nothing better than *an assurance*, that mankind’s reformers would henceforth confine their efforts to reason and free discussion, and to the furtherance of education on its present plan in *all our schools and colleges*. Priestcraft and statecraft would then forever be as safe as would a well regulated army among undisciplined savages, who did nothing but find fault with their oppressors; and to the various cliques of which savages, the regulars would *suggest* as many various plans for *their own* (the regular’s) overthrow, for them, (the savages) to *discuss over and divide upon*.

In one of the most purely monarchical countries in all Europe (Germany) common school and collegiate education prominently form one of the government’s *pet projects*.

In England, where the wheels of the state machinery mutually neutralize each other's action, neither monarchs nor ecclesiastics can do aught but keep themselves miserably rich, and the great body of the people wretchedly poor.

Free discussion and reason have done what little good in church and state affairs it was their function to do, *except as will be hereinafter mentioned*; and they are now in both England and the United States, but the safety-valve which prevents the boiler of the ecclesiastical steam-engine from bursting; and secures political despotism, swindling, and corruption, from having to do any thing but *change hands*.

Reason and free discussion are now the fifth wheel of the car of progress, whose useless noise and comparatively *singular appearance* diverts attention from the slow; nay, backward movement, of the other four wheels, and thus prevents any change for the better being made.

If, on the continent of Europe, monarchs and the Pope forbid political and religious free discussion, it is not because they are afraid that the first will lead to liberty, or the second to practical wisdom. They are perfectly aware that *free talking* but disturbs political and religious affairs; and would only displace themselves who are well seated in, and have grown fat on, religious and political abuse, to make way for an ungorged shoal of political and ecclesiastical leeches.

Passing lightly over the pitiable trash which in the United States more than in any other country is palmed off on the multitude for knowledge, look at our higher literature. See how it truckles to the low, and narrow, and unscientific views which *confessedly* had their rise when man was a mere savage. Where, throughout the United States, is the magazine which has the liberal and independent tone of the Westminster Review, which hails from the capital of monarchy-governed and *confessedly* church-taxed England? The most independent magazine of which the United States can boast, is the "Atlantic Monthly;" but I have strong misgivings as to whether they whose *monied* interests are staked in it will thank me, or would thank any one, for such praise.

But the orthodox clergy are already, owing almost wholly to what mere fractional science and art have done, the laughing-stock of nearly the entire scientific world, and the head-clergy are writhing under the tortures of self-contempt, in such agony, that the main drift of their preaching is to try, without arousing their dupes, to let the knowing ones (whom

curiosity, interest, or a desperate attempt to dispel Sabbatical ennui may have brought into their congregations) see that they are not the fools which they, for bread and butter's sake, pretend to be.

The following extract from a letter of Baron Humboldt to his friend Varnhagen Von Ense, is a fair sample of the contempt in which the apostles of mystery are held by men of science :

“BERLIN, March 21, 1842.

“My dear friend, so happily restored to me! It is a source of infinite joy to me to learn, from your exquisite letter, that the really very delightful society of the Princess's has benefited you physically, and, therefore, as I should say, in my criminal materialism, mentally also. Such a society, blown together chiefly from the same fashionable world of Berlin (somewhat flat and stale), immediately takes a new shape in the house of Princess Pueckler. It is like the spirit which should breathe life into the state; the material seems ennobled.

“I still retain your “Christliche Glaubenslehre,” [a celebrated work on the Christian Dogma, by Dr. David Friedrich Strauss] I who long ago in Potsdam, was so delighted with Strauss's *Life of the Saviour*.* One learns from it not only what he does not believe, which is less new to me, but rather what kind of things have been believed and taught by those black coats (parsons) who know how to enslave mankind anew, yea, who are putting on the armour of their former adversaries.”

But a still more encouraging aspect of the case is, that a knowledge of the great truth is rapidly spreading, that all in the human connection is a vast *material organism*, the possible modifications of which are indicated by the organ of its highest consciousness,—man; and that the whole family of man is a grand social organism, (however, as yet, unjoined) the well-being of every part of which, is *indispensable* to that of every other part. But more of this, shortly.

Mr. Paine suffered greatly during his last illness, (his disease being dropsy, attended with cough and constant vomit-

* Humboldt's Letters to Varnhagen Von Ense, have just been published by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton: and Strauss' *Life of the Saviour*, or, to give the work its full title, “*The Life of Jesus Critically Examined*,” is published by Calvin Blanchard. The translation is by Marian Evans, the accomplished authoress of *Adam Bede*, and is pronounced by Strauss himself to be most elegantly done and perfectly correct.

ing), yet his mental faculties remained unimpaired to the last. On the 8th of June, 1809, about nine o'clock in the forenoon, he expired, almost without a struggle.

I have, as the reader has seen, noticed some of the little foibles and excentricities of Mr. Paine ; not, however, that they were of any account, but simply because they attest that he was not superhumanly perfect ; that he was not that ridiculous cross between man and " God," which the biographers of Washington have placed him in the position of appearing to be.

Lovers are sure to have their petty quarrels, else, they would be indifferent to each other ; and when prejudice shall be done away with, mankind will love Thomas Paine none the less for the human frailties which were just sufficient to show that he belonged to human nature.

The day after Mr. Paine's death, his remains were taken to New Rochelle, attended by a few friends, and there buried on his farm ; and a plain stone was erected, with the following inscription :—

THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF "COMMON SENSE."

Died June 8, 1809, aged seventy-two years and five months.

Mr. William Cobbett afterward removed the bones of Mr. Paine to England.

In 1839, through the exertions of a few friends of the liberal cause, among whom Mr. G. Vale was very active, a neat monument, was erected over the grave of Mr. Paine. Mr. Frazee, an eminent artist, generously volunteered to do the sculpture. This monument cost about thirteen hundred dollars. On it is carved a representation of the head of Mr. Paine, underneath which, is this inscription

THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF

COMMON SENSE.

Reader, did it ever occur to you, that all the crimes which an individual can commit, are *in reality*, summed up in the word *misfortune*? Such is the fact. Society, therefore, not altogether without reason, however regardless of justice, considers nothing more *disgraceful* than misfortune ; and hence it

is, that of all the slanders got up to injure the reputation of Mr. Paine, and thus prevent his influence, none have been more industriously circulated, and none have proved more successful, than those which represented him as being in extreme poverty. Without further remark, therefore, I shall call your attention to

THE WILL OF THOMAS PAINE.

*"The People of the State of New York, by the Grace of God.
Free and Independent, to all to whom these presents shall
come or may concern, Send Greeting :*

Know ye that the annexed is a true copy of the will of Thomas Paine, deceased, as recorded in the office of our surrogate, in and for the city and county of New York. In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of office of our said surrogate to be hereunto affixed. Witness, Silvanus Miller, Esq., surrogate of said county, at the city of New York, the twelfth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and nine, and of our independence the thirty-fourth.

SILVANUS MILLER.

The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my Creator God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other, I, Thomas Paine, of the State of New York, author of the work entitled 'Common Sense,' written in Philadelphia, in 1775, and published in that city the beginning of January, 1776, which awaked America to a Declaration of Independence, on the fourth of July following, which was as fast as the work could spread through such an extensive country; author also of the several numbers of the 'American Crisis' thirteen in all, published occasionally during the progress of the revolutionary war—the last is on the peace; author also of the 'Rights of Man,' parts the first and second, written and published in London, in 1791, and '92; author also of a work on religion, 'Age of Reason,' parts the first and second. 'N. B. I have a third part by me in manuscript and an answer to the Bishop of Landaff;' author also of a work, lately published, entitled 'Examination of the passages in the New Testament quoted from the Old, and called prophecies concerning Jesus Christ,' and showing there are no prophecies of any such person; author also of several other works not here enumerated, 'Dissertations on the first Principles of Government,'—'Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance'—'Agrarian Justice' etc., etc., make this my last will

and testament, that is to say : I give and bequeath to my executors hereinafter appointed, Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, thirty shares I hold in the New York Phoenix Insurance Company, which cost me 1470 dollars, they are worth now upward of 1500 dollars, and all my moveable effects, and also the money that may be in my trunk or elsewhere at the time of my decease, paying thereout the expenses of my funeral, in trust as to the said shares, moveables, and money, for Margaret Brazier Bonneville, wife of Nicholas Bonneville, of Paris, for her own sole and separate use, and at her own disposal, notwithstanding her coverture. As to my farm in New Rochelle, I give, devise, and bequeath the same to my said executors, Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, and to the survivor of them, his heirs and assigns for ever, in trust, nevertheless, to sell and dispose of the north side thereof, now in the occupation of Andrew A. Dean, beginning at the west end of the orchard and running in a line with the land sold to — Coles, to the end of the farm, and to apply the money arising from such sale as hereinafter directed. I give to my friends, Walter Morton, of the New York Phoenix Insurance Company, and Thomas Addis Emmet, counsellor-at-law, late of Ireland, two hundred dollars each, and one hundred dollars to Mrs. Palmer, widow of Elihu Palmer, late of New York, to be paid out of the money arising from said sale, and I give the remainder of the money arising from that sale, one half thereof to Clio Rickman, of High or Upper Mary-la-bone street, London, and the other half to Nicholas Bonneville of Paris, husband of Margaret B. Bonneville aforesaid : and as to the south part of the said farm, containing upward of one hundred acres, in trust, to rent out the same or otherwise put it to profit, as shall be found most advisable, and to pay the rents and profits thereof to the said Margaret B. Bonneville, in trust for her children, Benjamin Bonneville and Thomas Bonneville, their education and maintenance, until they come to the age of twenty-one years, in order that she may bring them well up, give them good and useful learning, and instruct them in their duty to God, and the practice of morality, the rent of the land or the interest of the money for which it may be sold, as hereinafter mentioned, to be employed in their education. And after the youngest of the said children shall have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, in further trust to convey the same to the said children share and share alike in fee simple. But if it shall be thought advisable by my executors and execu-

trix, or the survivor or survivors of them, at any time before the youngest of the said children shall come of age, to sell and dispose of the said south side of the said farm, in that case I hereby authorize and empower my said executors to sell and dispose of the same, and I direct that the money arising from such sale be put into stock, either in the United States bank stock or New York Phoenix Insurance company stock, the interest or dividends thereof to be applied as is already directed, for the education and maintenance of the said children ; and the principal to be transferred to the said children or the survivor of them on his or their coming of age. I know not if the society of people called quakers admit a person to be buried in their burying-ground, who does not belong to their society, but if they do, or will admit me, I would prefer being buried there, my father belonged to that profession, and I was partly brought up in it. But if it is not consistent with their rules to do this, I desire to be buried on my farm at New Rochelle. The place where I am to be buried to be a square of twelve feet, to be enclosed with rows of trees, and a stone or post and railed fence, with a head-stone with my name and age engraved upon it, author of 'Common Sense.' I nominate, constitute, and appoint Walter Morton, of the New York Phoenix Insurance company, and Thomas Addis Emmet, counsellor-at-law, late of Ireland, and Margaret B. Bonneville my executors and executrix to this my last will and testament, requesting them the said Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, that they will give what assistance they conveniently can to Mrs. Bonneville, and see that the children be well brought up. Thus placing confidence in their friendship, I herewith take my final leave of them and of the world. I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind ; my time has been spent in doing good ; and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator God. Dated this eighteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and nine, and I have also signed my name to the other sheet of this will in testimony of its being a part thereof.

THOMAS PAINE. (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, and published and declared by the testator, in our presence, who, at his request, and in the presence of each other, have set our names as witnesses thereto, the words 'published and declared' first interlined.

WILLIAM KEESE,
JAMES ANGEVIEN,
CORNELIUS RYDER."

I have now, so far as I can discover, recorded all the facts in relation to Thomas Paine, with which the public have any concern. I have even repeated some things (under protest, be it remembered) with which the public have no business whatever.

But the most important part of the task which, on reference to my title-page, it will be perceived that I undertook remains to be completed.

Every one will unquestionably draw their own conclusions from facts or what they consider such. But I assure all whom it may concern, that I should not consider myself justified in troubling them with my views on matters of the vast importance of religion or highest law, and government or social science, had I not devoted to these subjects long years of assiduous preparation; had I not, rightly or wrongly, *systemised facts*; even now, I do so with a full consciousness of my need of vastly more light.

Facts, separately considered, are but the unconnected links of a chain; truth is the chain itself. Facts, in themselves, are worth nothing; it is only the truths that are deducible from them through their systemization that is of use. Brick, and mortar, and beams, are facts; entirely useless, however, until systemized into an edifice. Every man's life is a fact, but the lives of such men as Rousseau, Paine, Comte, Luther, and Fourier, are sublime truths; which are to help to give to the lives of the individuals of our race, all that can be conceived of even "*eternal*" value.

Strictly speaking, all authors are, like Paine, and Rousseau, and Comte, heroes. But those writers who merely revamp, or polish up old, worn out ideas, and then sell them back again to those from whom they stole, or borrowed, or begged them, are no more authors than they are manufacturers who steal, borrow, beg, or buy for next to nothing, old hats, iron them over, and sell them back for new to their former owners, who in their delight to find how truly they fit their heads, do not suspect the cheat. It's a somewhat difficult thing to make new hats fit heads. It's a Herculean task to make new ideas fit them. It's *next* to impossible to make new *habits* fit mankind.

The American Revolution, of which Paine was the "author hero," and the French Revolution, of which Rousseau was the great mover, were, as I trust we have already seen, but closely connected incidents in the grand Revolution which began with man's instinctive antagonism to all which stands

in the way of the *perfect* liberty which nature has, by one and the same act, given him both the desire for, and the assurance of.

All which exists or has taken place, is connected with all which ever has existed, or will exist or take place; and unless the historian shows that connection, so far as it has a *perceptibly practical bearing*, history becomes but a mere collections of curious, and otherwise barren details.

I have before directed the attention of the reader to the fact, that whoever penned the Declaration of our National Independence, must have well studied Rousseau's "*Contrat Social*."

The Rev. Dr. Smith, in his "*Divine Drama of History and Civilization*," speaks thus of the relation of Rousseau to his times:—

"Rousseau was the avenging spirit of the Evangelical Protestants whom monarchical France had massacred or banished. He had the blood and the soul of the Presbyterian in him: but he was drunk with vengeance, and he had, according to his own confession, imbibed with his mother's milk the hatred of kings, and nourished that hate and kept it warm. He declared that though man was born free he was everywhere in chains. Being gifted with great eloquence, he delighted his readers. He realized the government of the people and became the soul of the Revolution."

"Twelve hundred human individuals," says Thomas Carlyle, "with the Gospel of Jean Jacques Rousseau in their pocket, congregating in the name of twenty-five millions, with full assurance of faith, to 'make the Constitution:'" such sight, the acme and main product of the eighteenth century, our World can witness only once. For time is rich in wonders, in monstrosities most rich; and is observed never to repeat himself or any of his Gospels:—surely least of all this Gospel according to Jean Jacques. Once it was right and indispensable, since such had become the belief of man; but once also is enough."

"They have made the Constitution, these Twelve Hundred-Jean-Jacques Evangelists."

"A new Fifth Evangelist, Jean-Jacques, calling on men to amend *each the whole world's* wicked existence, and be saved by making the Constitution."

Thomas Carlyle in innumerable other cases speaks most lovingly of "Poor Jean Jacques." In an elaborate critical estimate of Rousseau and the men of the 18th century, he says:

- "Hovering in the distance with use—struck minatory air—stern-beckoning, comes Rousseau. Poor Jean-Jacques! Alternately deified and cast to the dogs: a deep-minded, high-minded, even noble, yet woefully misarranged mortal, with all the misformations of nature intensified to the verge of madness by unfavorable Fortune. A lonely man; his life a long soliloquy! The wandering Tiresias of his time;—in whom, however, did lie prophetic meaning, such as none of the others offer. His true character, with its lofty aspirings and poor performings; and how the spirit of the man worked so wildly like celestial fire in a thick, dark element of chaos, and shot forth ethereal radiance, all piercing lightning, yet could not illuminate, was quenched and did not conquer; this with what lies in it, may now be pretty accurately appreciated." etc.

The world-famous "Confessions"* of Rousseau, have also powerfully stimulated revolt against the most despotic of tyrannies that ever enchained the human race. No romance was ever half so interesting. With resistless power their author compels us to himself. Every page chains the reader with electric fascination. With absorbing interest we follow him in every step of his strange sad life. Not a scene in the Confessions but what has formed the subject for a master piece by some great artist. Rousseau was one of those men whose fame the world has taken into its own hands. One of those big-hearted, truth-loving, high-aspiring yet sad-fated, stumbling men, whose sufferings have been made up for by an eternal meed of tenderness and love. He has been taken into the heart of mankind.

Perhaps nothing could more markedly manifest the place Jean Jacques holds in the heart of the world than the love and reverence which have been lavished on him by all the high-souled poets and writers in every land since his day. Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, Shelley, Brougham, Byron, Carlyle, Tennyson, etc. etc. All that is fresh and lofty and spiritual in the new French school of Poetry and Literature, is distinctly traceable to Rousseau. Bernadin de Saint Pierre, Mad. de Stael, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, etc., etc., were successively formed under his influence and adoringly worshipped him as their master. Thomas Carlyle in a conversation with Emerson, (see English Traits, p. 22,) while speaking of the men who had influenced the formation of his character,

* Published by Calvin Blanchard.

declared that *Rousseau's Confessions* had discovered to him that he (Carlyle) was not a dunce..

R. W. Emerson, too, speaks of "*The Confession's*" as a book so important in literature, that it was well worth while to translate * * its courage and precision of thought will keep it good."

And the high-souled *Schiller* hymns Rousseau thus :

" Hail grave of Rousseau ! here thy troubles cease !
 Thy life one search for freedom and for peace :
 Thee peace and freedom life did ne'er allow :
 Thy search is ended, and thou find'st them now !
 When will the old wounds scar ! In the dark age
 Perish'd the wise. Light comes—how fared the sage ?
 The same in darkness or in light his fate,
 Time brings no mercy to the bigot's hate !
 Socrates charmed Philosophy to dwell
 On earth ; by false philosophers he fell :
 In Rousseau Christians marked their victim—when
 Rousseau endeavored to make Christians men !"

Reader, please to skip the next six paragraphs, unless you can pardon a digression, (and I must confess to have given you some exercise in that respect already) and unless you furthermore love liberty, justice, and *equal rights*, not as things to be merely talked about, sung about, and "fought, bled and died" about, but as *practical realities*.

In a state of bliss in perfect contrast with what generally passes for married life, Rousseau spent several years with Madam De Warens ; a lady of noble birth, who was in comfortable circumstances, enjoying a pension from Victor Amadeus, king of Sardinia. She was the wife of a man with whom she could not live happily, and from whom she therefore separated. Rousseau, in his "*Confessions*," thus describes her : "All who loved her, loved each other. Jealousy and rivalry themselves yielded to the dominant sentiment she inspired ; and I never saw any of those who surrounded her, entertain the slightest-ill will towards each other." "I hazard the assertion, that if Socrates could esteem Aspasia, he would have respected Madam de Warens." "Let my reader," continues the enamoured philosopher, "pause a moment at this eulogy ; and if he has in his mind's eye any other woman of whom he

can say this much ; let him, as he values his life's repose, cleave to her, were she, for the rest, the lowest of drabs."

After eight years of bliss with Madam de Warens, that lady's taste, though not her affections, changed. Rousseau, also wishing to visit Paris, they parted in perfect friendship. At Paris, Rousseau resumed the free-love connection with Thérèse Le Vasseur, a young girl of small accomplishments, but of a most amiable disposition. Some of the highest nobles in France (including the king and queen) did not disdain to treat her with marked respect ; and after Rousseau's death, the government of France pensioned Thérèse, instead of letting her die of hunger, as the government of England, to its eternal disgrace, suffered Lady Hamilton, the mistress of Lord Nelson, to do, although to that accomplished Lady and to her influence and shrewd management at the court of Naples, England owes the victory of Trafalgar. One morning, whilst the king and his ministers lay snoring, she managed to obtain from her intimate friend the queen, a permit for her gallant free-lover, Nelson, to water his fleet at Naples ; but for which, he could not have pursued and conquered the French at Trafalgar. His last request of the country for whose cause he was dying, was,—“Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton.”

Yet England was too “virtuous” to prevent Lady Hamilton from depending on the charity of a poor *French* washerwoman ; and from having, at last, to starve to death, in a garret, in the capital of the nation whose navy had been almost destroyed through her management and her lover's bravery. “Virtue” and “piety” readily *accept* the services of those they impudently style “vicious” and “profane,” but generally consider it very scandalous to reward them.

Some of the most “virtuous” citizens in every country in Christendom, do not hesitate to eat the bread and wear the clothes purchased with the rent of those curses inseparable from present social institutions,—prostitution dens ; and churches and missionaries, draw large revenues from these “*necessary evils*” as they are cantingly called. *Necessary evils* ? If there is a “sin” which a *just* “God” could punish, it is that of admitting that there exists “*necessary evils* ;” for this “sin” is a most efficient prolonger of the damnation of the human race.

But England *did* build monuments to Nelson, and *he* has had all the honor of the victory of Trafalgar. Why did not Lady Hamilton come in for a share of that honor ? In addi-

tion to what we have seen she did to procure that victory, can any gallant man doubt, that her charms were the main stimulus of Nelson's courage? What dangers would not a man that was a man brave, in order to swell with delight, admiration, and *just approval*, the heart of her whom he adored, and who *freely loved him*?

Reader, did you ever ask yourself why it is that gallant men (and almost all notable men are gallant) are applauded in high society, and are *comparatively* little blamed or frowned upon among the million? Surely, gallantry in woman is *really* no more "vicious" than it is in man; it is simply because, owing to *ignorance* with respect to the *regulation* of love affairs, it is more *inconvenient*, that it is more discountenanced. It is because women have to be, under present institutions, considered as *chattels*; as *articles of luxury*; which no man wants to be at the expense of, except for his own pleasure, *of course*. But for ignorance of how to *fully* gratify every natural desire, there would be no such words as either *virtue* or *vice* in the dictionary; and however amiable it is for people to forbear to gratify themselves *in any respect*, at the expense of others, still, we should constantly bear in mind, that all the honor that has ever been bestowed on "virtue" and self-denial, is *primarily* due to *ignorance and poverty*; to ignorance of how to create the means whereby to dispense with "virtue," self-denial, ay, and even that most virtuous of all the virtues,—*charity*; to ignorance of how to develop, modify, and *combine* the substantial, till desire is but the measure of fulfillment—till *to will* is but the precursor of *to have*.

Human progress is generally divisible into three ages:—the age of mystery, the age of reason, and the age of *practical science and art*. These answer to the theological, the critical, and the positive stages of the Grand Revolution just alluded to; of which revolution, the "author hero" was AUGUSTE COMTE.

Rousseau and Paine had their forerunner in Martin Luther; Comte's John Baptist was Charles Fourier.

To Martin Luther and Charles Fourier, mankind are almost as much indebted, as to those for whom these prepared the way.

Fourier was far more in advance of his time than was Luther; still, Luther's step was much the most perilous to himself. Whoever can look on the picture [I saw it in the Dusseldorf Gallery] of Luther at the Diet of Worms, with dry eyes, without feeling an admiration near akin to adora-

tion for *The Man* who would go where the cause of liberty called him, "though there should be there as many devils as tiles on the roofs," must be made of sterner stuff than I am.

Look on that incarnation of bravery. See how undaunted that single representative of the cause of the human race stands, amidst the terrible array of princes and bishops. There were six hundred of them ; headed by the Emperor himself.

As fearlessly as Paine first openly pronounced those treasonable words— "American Independence," Luther has dared to burn the Pope's bull, even when there was not a crowned head in all Christendom, but trembled at that awful document. Surely the heart that warms for Paine must glow for Luther. Materialist though I am, I do reverence that brave monk. Had the Elector of Saxony been the most absolute monarch that ever reigned ; and had the Landgrave of Hesse, taken as many wives* and concubines as the wisest man, in Jehovah's estimation, that ever was or ever will be, is said to have had, these princes would nevertheless deserve the eternal gratitude of mankind, for the protection they afforded to the great apostle of reform, but for the *division*, in the ranks of despotism, which he created, a Rousseau and a Paine could not *so soon* have *preached liberty*, nor could a Fourier and a Comte as yet have *indicated* how to *put it into practice*.

To the zeal and liberality of Mr. Albert Brisbane, and to the scholarship of Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., are English readers indebted for an introduction to Fourier's great work, "*The Social Destiny of Man*."† And the same class of readers are similarly indebted to Mr. Lombe and Miss Harriet Martineau‡ (the latter aided by professor Nichol) for being en-

* "All the theologians of Wittemberg assembled to draw up an answer [to the Landgrave's petition to be allowed to have two wives,] and the result was a compromise. He was allowed a double marriage, on condition that his second wife should not be publicly recognized."

"If, nevertheless, your highness is fully resolved to take a second wife, we are of opinion that the marriage should be secret."

"Given at Wittemberg, after the festival of St. Nicholas, 1539,—Martin Luther, Philipp Melancthon, Martin Bucer, Antony Corvin, Adam, John Iening, Justin Wintfert, Dionisius Melanther."—*Michelets Life of Luther*.

Published by Calvin Blanchard.

† Between whom and Mr. Atkinson, there took place that admirable correspondence on the subject of the "*Laws of Man's Nature and Develop*."

abled to acquaint themselves with "*The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte*."*

These great works are carrying on a *constructive*, and therefore noiseless and unostentatious revolution; they do not (particularly the latter) appeal to the common understanding, and the masses will know but little about them, until they *feel* their beneficent effects. But the keen observer and the social artist perceive that they have already given a new tone to all the higher literature of Western Europe, and even, to some extent, to that of the United States.

'Tis strange that they who are capacitated to *think* truth, should so generally have made the unfortunate blunder of not seeing that by the masses, truth of any great degree of complexity can only be *felt*. Their religion is addressed almost wholly to their *feeling*. Their knock-down argument to all opposition, is, "*I feel it to be true*." A more unreasonable scheme never emanated from Bedlam, than that of plying the masses with reason, on subjects so complicated as are religion and sociology. Has not the experiment uniformly proven the truth of what I here assert? Reason is, of course, *connected with*, every thing which a sane person voluntarily does or thinks of. It is *connected with* the construction of the steam engine; and should be similarly, and *only* similarly connected with social architecture.

Numerous experiments to which the name of Fourier has been attached, have failed. But there was not one of them which bore the most distant resemblance to the system of the great master, whose name they so over-zealously and rashly appropriated.

A very successful trial of the *household economies* of Fourier has been going on in New York for the last three years, under the management of Mr. E. F. Underhill. His "*Cosmopolitan Hotel*" comprises four elegant five story brown stone front houses, situated in the most fashionable part of Fourteenth-street.

The world has been prevented from becoming acquainted with Fourier's magnificent discoveries in social architecture, mainly through the agency of the blackest and most impudent falsehood ever uttered. Fourier's system has been denounced as communism; whereas it is the very opposite of that. Our

ment." republished in a neat volume by Mr. J. P. Mendum, publisher of the "*Boston Investigator*."

* Published by Calvin Blanchard.





Salut et Fraternité
Auguste Comte

present social hodge-podge is Skidmoreism itself, when compared with the *system* of which "The Social Destiny of Man," notwithstanding its *incidental* and *non-essential* errors is a bold and true outline. Next in importance to the discoveries of Comte, are Fourier's with respect to the human passions, and with respect to the equitable adjustment of the claims of labor, skill, and capital.

But Fourier's system was, so to speak, the edifice in advance of the foundation on which alone it could stand. *Real* liberty, *substantial* happiness, and *practical* goodness must have a *material* basis. That basis has been furnished by Auguste Comte.

Mr. Lewes, in his *Biographical History of Philosophy*,* says: "Comte is the Bacon of the nineteenth century. Like Bacon, he fully sees the cause of our intellectual anarchy, and also sees the cure. We have no hesitation in recording our conviction that the *Course de Philosophie Positive* is the greatest work of our century, and will form one of the mighty landmarks in the history of opinion. No one before him ever dreamed of treating social problems otherwise than upon theological or metaphysical methods. He first showed how possible,—nay, how imperative—it was that social questions, should be treated on the same footing with all other scientific questions."

And Mill, in his "System of Logic,"† speaks thus of "The Positive Philosophy:"—"A work which only requires to be better known, to place its author in the very highest class of European thinkers. * * * A sociological system widely removed from the vague and conjectural character of all former attempts, and worthy to take its place, at last, among established sciences. * * * A work which I hold to be far the greatest yet produced in the Philosophy of the Sciences. * * * He [Comte] may truly be said to have created the philosophy of the higher mathematics. * * * Whose view of the philosophy of classification is the most erudite with which I am acquainted. * * * His works are the only source to which the reader can resort for a practical exemplification of the study of social phenomena on the true principles of the Historical Method. Of that method I do not hesitate to pronounce them a model."

* This work should be in the possession of every scientific lover of liberty. It is published by D. Appleton & Co.

† Published by Harper & Brothers.

"Clearness and depth, comprehensiveness and precision have never probably, been so remarkably united as in Auguste Comte," says *Professor Gillespie, of Union College, New-York*.

The following extracts from an article (understood to be by Sir David Brewster) which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* will also give some further idea of the aim and character of The Positive Philosophy :

"A work of profound science, marked with great acuteness of reasoning, and conspicuous for the highest attributes of intellectual power. It comprehends MATHEMATICS, ASTRONOMY, PHYSICS, and CHEMISTRY, or the sciences of *Inorganic Bodies* ; and PHYSIOLOGY, and SOCIAL PHYSICS, or the sciences of *Organic Bodies*.

"Under the head of SOCIAL PHYSICS the author treats of the general structure of human societies, of the fundamental natural law of the development of the human species, and of the progress of civilization. This last Section is subdivided into three heads—the THEOLOGICAL EPOCH, the METAPHYSICAL EPOCH, and the POSITIVE EPOCH—the first of these embracing FETISHISM, POLYTHEISM, and MONOTHEISM."

Referring to the Astronomical part of the work, the Reviewer says, "We could have wished to place before our readers some specimens of our author's manner of treating these difficult and deeply interesting topics—of his simple, yet powerful eloquence—of his enthusiastic admiration of intellectual superiority—of his accuracy as a historian, his honesty as a judge, and of his absolute freedom from all personal and national feelings."

But the mental effort which produced the "*Positive Philosophy*" was too much for the brain of any one man to make with impunity, as the subsequent writings of the great positivist show. With respect to these, and particularly to Comte's Positive Religion, Mr. Lewes very considerably remarks,—“let us draw a veil over them ;” and I, who have made Comte a study, will add, that any other view than this, with respect to the writings which Comte sent forth to the world *after* the Positive Philosophy, is most unjust.

The clergy are at length aware that the slander and abuse which they have bellowed forth from the pulpit against Paine, have advertised his works more effectually than ten per cent of their own salaries could have done through the newspapers ; and hence the profound silence which they maintain with respect to the *personalty* of Comte, and to the

name of "*The Positive Philosophy*." Priests know that the world's old religion is dead ; but they mean to prolong its decay to the utmost, in order to feed, like carrion crows, on its rotten carcass ; they therefore take every precaution against having it stirred up.

Observe in what *general* terms the "black coats," as Humboldt styles the parsons, denounce the materialism with which all the high talent of the age in which we live is imbued. They do not wish to let their dupes know that such men as Humboldt and Comte did not believe in the existence of the extra-almighty pedant whom they seat on the throne of the universe.

We have already seen that the author of "*Cosmos* " * not only held superstition and its ministers in as utter contempt as did he who wrote "*The Age of Reason*," but that he was furthermore a thorough materialist ; and the author of *The Positive Philosophy* has mathematically annihilated a *God* who can have no *practical* existence to *man*, together with the supposed foundation of a faith, the further teaching of which, can but hold human perfection in abeyance. Yet the aristocracy of Europe were proud of the companionship of Humboldt, and emperors and kings presented him with testimonials of their high regard.

As to Auguste Comte, it is rumored that the Emperor Napoleon III. held frequent conferences with him ; and the encouragement which that monarch is giving to men of science is matter of public notoriety.

But how does "*The Model Republic*" compare with monarchical Europe in these vitally important matters ? Is not the noise which, in the United States, is made about freedom, as hollow as is the din with which our loud-belled churches call their congregations to the worship of him who they nevertheless say enjoined secret devotion ?

In a country where no *throned* sovereign bears sway, where no *crowned* pope sends forth his bull forbidding the offices of human kindness to be extended to those who have incurred his displeasure, what dread tyrant willed that Thomas Paine should be shunned by many of his illustrious compeers ;—that his bones should be refused a resting place beside those of even the *least* persecuting and vindictive of all the Christian sects ; that his name should be almost left out of the history of the glorious deeds which his inspiration

* Republished by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

caused to be performed, and even to this day, be held, in utter abhorrence, by nearly all those for whose welfare his life and splendid talents were so cheerfully devoted? *Who*, is that tyrant?

"Priestcraft!" readily answer they who zealously advocate *popular free discussion, and an appeal to popular opinion*, as a means of finding out how to deal with those most important and complicated of all affairs,—religion and government. "Priestcraft!" they exclaim; as they lavish their *carefully unsystemized sociological facts*, their critical expositions, and their logical deductions, upon the horrified, astounded, and enraged, but not at all edified multitude.

Well, my friends, *between you and me*, I must acknowledge that you *have* slapped that tyrant's prime minister full in the face. Try it again. But first gather up your pearls, lest *the many* before whom you have indiscriminately cast them, and who want something of which *they* can make a far more *practical and satisfactory* use, turn upon and "rend you."

"Ignorance! of course we know that priestcraft thrives on ignorance. *Ignorance* is that tyrant;" methinks I hear you further answer.

Yes, my friends, *ignorance is* that tyrant. But still, the most important, and by far most difficult question remains unanswered. *He is not* ignorance of the fact that the Bible is of human origin. The Bible is but one of the weather-cocks which tell which way the wind of popular folly blows. The Koran is another, and so is the Book of Mormon. And they are all rather useful than otherwise, as they furnish suggestions as to the course to be pursued by scientific and artistic reformers. *He is not* ignorance with respect to reading, writing, geography, grammar, arithmetic, Greek, Latin; in short, *he is not* ignorance of anything which has hitherto been taught or thought of in any school or college.

I'll tell you what *he is ignorance of*, presently; and, at the same time, I will demonstrate how to liberate man from his despotism, and rescue the memory of Thomas Paine from the reproach which has been so unjustly, so blindly, or else so *unintentionally* heaped upon it.

Are such rights as English Constitutionalism can give us worth contending for? Independence is the only measure that *can* be of any avail; substantially said Thomas Paine to those more cautious rebels who, at the commencement of "the times that tried men's souls," were glooming over the miserable effects which half measures had produced.

Are such shams of rights as caucus-and-ballot-boxism can give us, worth spending any more time, and money, and agitation upon? I ask, and appeal to what has been most lyingly named free government in Greece, Rome, England, Venice, France, the United States, and wherever else it has been attempted to *make permanent* the *crisis stage* of progress which marks the departure from monarchy. No, my friends, Art-Liberty *alone*, can be of *any* avail.

Art-Liberty may now sound as strange as did American Independence when first pronounced by Thomas Paine; ay, and as treasonable, too. Still, I repeat, nothing short of Art-Liberty can prevent the freedom-experiment which Paine so powerfully incited, from failing in the United States, as badly as it has in every other country where it has been tried.

How far short of such failure is that experiment now? when statesmen, and philosophers, ay, and *philanthropists*, are seriously discussing the question, whether "free laborers" or "slaves" have the most uncomfortable time of it?

Look at the opaque web of entanglement which our "representatives" have wove, or "enacted" for us, and called "law." Look at the wretched and expensive farces which the administrators of these "laws" play, under the name of "trials." Are caucusing, balloting, "constitutions," "laws," and *jury-trial-justice* the sum and substance of the *liberty* for which Paine stimulated that glorious band which Washington led, to sacrifice their lives? Is this the *end* of the revolution which "*Common Sense*" instigated?

Was the earth fertilized and the ocean reddened with human blood, and were both earth and ocean strewn with the ashes and the wrecks of human skill and industry, in order to achieve demagogism? In fine, are nature's resources fully exhausted, only to produce such a miserable abortion that her highest being, man, abjures her for the "supernatural?" Surely this cannot be so.

Reader, did you ever notice the fact that the United States Government and that of Russia are, and have always been on remarkably loving terms with each other? Well, this is but as natural as it is for "birds of a feather to flock together." The political systems of both Russia and America, are, about equally, as pure absolutisms as governments can be. In Russia, the head of the majority-despotism which tyrannizes, is designated by birth. The Russian Government is a simple despotism, modifiable by assassination. In

the United States, the band of conspirators for wholesale violence and wrong,—the head, or directory of the majority despotism which tyrannizes, is designated by caucus fraud, and ballot-box jugglery ; aided by perjury, bribery, corruption, and by the occasional use of the fist, the bludgeon, the dagger, and the pistol. The difference between Russian and American despotism is so non-essential, that no two great governments in the world have shown such marked good feeling for each other, as have that of the Czar and those favorites with whom he shares the spoils, and that of the President, by whom and his sycophants, the United States is freshly subjugated and plundered every four years.

But what do you mean by Art-Liberty ? Methinks I hear those ask who have not already hid their stupidity *from themselves*, under that common cover of dullness,—“ Utopia.”

By Art-Liberty, my friends, I mean the *practical application* of *all science and art systemized*, as fast as unfolded. The only law which can govern a free state, must be *discovered* ; it must be drawn from the *whole of science and art* ; not “ enacted ;” human law can no more be “ enacted ” than can physical law.

Art-Liberty will be the crowning art of arts of developing nature’s resources, of discovering and modifying her laws, and of *combining her powers* till “ creation ” shall be *complete* ; till supply shall be adequate to demand ; till nature’s grand end, which the aim of her highest consciousness *instinctively indicates*, is attained ; till nature’s highest organism, man, attains to happiness not only perfect, but lasting enough to *fully* satisfy his five-sense nature without recourse to “ beyond the skies ;” till all *physical* obstacles to man’s *liberty to be happy* are removed, even to the unfriendliness of climate ! Not, by such fanciful means as that great seer, Fourier, supposed, but wholly through the working, with nature, of science and art, which have conquered steam and electricity, and made so many other things which were inimical to man’s happiness, the very means of promoting it ; and which will make the good of everything, through *use*, in exact proportion to its present evil, through *abuse* or *neglect*.

Man’s leaders, must find out how to satisfy man’s highest aspirations, instead of catering for his prejudices ; instead of confirming him, by flattery and cajolery, in his false, supernaturalistic notions ; instead of studying the trickery of representing and plundering him. And they will rapidly find this out, as soon as a knowledge (already attained) of the *unity*

of science, spreads among them, and along with it, its correlate,—that all mankind are one organism, no individual of which can be indifferent to *each* and *all* of the others. Enlightened, far-seeing, *all-benefiting selfishness* will then take the place of short-sighted, suicidal, penny wise pound foolish cunning; and that barricade of hypocrisy,—duty, that most fallible of all guides,—conscience, and “virtue” and “vice,” those most unscientific and mischievous expressions that have ever crept into the vocabulary of human folly, will be obsolete.

Let us draw a picture of the condition of things which the current schemes of politics, religion, moralism, “virtue,” and “law” *must* very shortly produce, if they had unopposed sway—if the requirements of both our civil and religious guides were fully complied with:—

If all *contracts* in accordance with present “law” were fulfilled to the letter, and if all the “*duties*” enjoined by present moralism were unflinchingly performed, and if all which “virtue” styles “vice” was entirely abstained from, and if what is now “free trade” according to “law,” had a “fair field,” how long would it take a millionth of the earth’s inhabitants to accumulate *all* its wealth? In my opinion, it would not take ten generations to produce that reign of “law,” “principle,” morality,” “virtue,” and “free trade,” or “mind-your-own business,”—and-every-one-for-himself-ism, on the earth.

But there must be no stealing, swindling, or robbery, as *legally defined*, on *any* account; and there must be no sexual intercourse out of the bonds of monogamy, *even for bread*; and above all, there must be no acts, or even words of *treason*. The laboring man and the laboring woman, must patiently and slowly (nay, not very slowly I’m thinking) die on such wages as they who, *in perfect security*, held all the wealth, chose to give; and those out of work must brave martyrdom to “*principle*,” by starving, straightway, unless they can obtain a “permit,” to drag out a few months, possibly years, in sack-cloth and on water-gruel in an *alms-house*.*

In all soberness, I ask, is not this a fair statement of the

*I claim to have here made a very liberal concession; for I have strong doubts as to whether old fogysm, if it had it *all* its own way, and had not the slightest fear of being disturbed, would furnish even alms-houses, sack-cloth, and water-gruel to *any* of its victims; to those who were too “shiftless” to take care of themselves.

case? and, therefore, is not an entire change, religious, social, and moral, the only thing that can cure present religious, social, and moral disease? And who are nearest to the "kingdom of heaven?" who are least obstructive to the "millenium?" they who are now considered moral, virtuous, and respectable, or they whom such term immoral, vicious, and the vilest of the vile?

The only thing that ever made me seriously *consider* whether or not "Jesus" was a divine personage, was, the preference which he uniformly gave to "sinners," "publicans and harlots," even, over the "Scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites," who performed all which "the law" and moralism required. And I must confess that I am still astonished that *any* one should, almost two thousand years ago, so fully have understood what so very few, even now, have any conception of. Yet this, the strongest argument which can be adduced to prove "Christ's" divinity, the doctors of that divinity have never, to my knowledge, brought up. Need I add that the reason is very evident? Of course, were the doctors aforesaid to make a thorough use of this argument, they would upset the whole present political, legal, and moral scheme. Well, would it not be best to overthrow it by *any* means whatever? or, to put the question more justly, can present "institutions" be too soon or too thoroughly superseded by those which Art-Liberty, but for them, would produce?

Opinionism and moralism, like "supernaturalism, (of which they are the refinement) have ages since, exhausted what little power for good they ever had, and became so exceedingly morbid to the social organism, that they cannot be too speedily excreted. Reason and free discussion were once, in the fifth century, I believe, seriously engaged on the question as to whether angels could go from one point to another without passing through intermediate space; and I myself, in the nineteenth century, have heard reason and free discussion on the question as to whether there was or was not a personal devil; nay, that devil's tail was actually discussed and reasoned upon. How much progress have reason and free discussion made since the fifth century? Have they made any? Are we not indebted for every bit of liberty we enjoy now, more than mankind did then, to science and art? always excepting what little good reason and free discussion or subjectivism have done as very common and proportionably subordinate auxiliaries, during crisis-stages of revolution. Then, these weapons, when wielded by such men as

Thomas Paine, *were* of use : nay, *would have been* of use, had the social structure which they were the instruments of tearing down been replaced by one *really new*, instead of by one *built of the damaged, ay, even rotten materials of the old one*. Paine did all which he could be expected to do ; but his noble efforts were not seconded ; for they who wield his weapons now, resemble those soldiers who, instead of attacking fresh foes, continue to thrust their swords into the bodies of the slain. Was Thomas Paine here to-day, his old remedies, religious and political *popular* free discussion and reasoning would be thrown aside ; or only used to assist science and art to displace them in religious and state affairs. How otherwise could *he* be Thomas Paine ? He who was the very incarnation of revolution ? True, he trusted that he should "never use any other weapons than those of reason ;"* but he had before trusted that British constitutionalism was the best possible thing for the State. Yet how widely and nobly did he afterwards change his course in that respect ; and would he not *now* see full as much cause as he did *then*, for taking another tack ? Can any sensible person, who would honor his memory, say that he would not ? say that he would be satisfied with the despotism which caucus-and-ballot-boxism has palmed off on us, or with any of the means hitherto used to get rid of it ?

Man's right to be self-governed is, equally with his desire to be so, *self-evident*. But what is most insultingly *termed* "elective franchise," is the farthest thing possible from self-government. It is, except as a transient or *crisis-stage* expedient, of all fallacies the most monstrous. As a permanency, it has no type, and consequently no warrant throughout nature. In every instance where majorityism has become chronic, it has proved as bewildering and destructive to the

* "The most formidable weapon against errors of every kind is Reason. I have never used any other, and I trust I never shall ;" says Paine, in his dedication of "*The Age of Reason*" to his "fellow-citizens of the United States of America." But he had dreadful experience of the rebound against himself, which the blows that he dealt with that weapon caused. And superstition is fully as rampant with *the multitude* now, as it was before the "*Age of Reason*" was written ; and it is as rife now, as it then was, even with the higher classes ; with the exception that is clearly traceable to science and art. Every man of intelligence at all above the vulgar knows, that not only Ethan Allen, Jefferson, and Franklin "*were* infidels" as the phrase is, but that Lafayette, and, in fact, nearly all the other revolutionary worthies, no more believed in the "divinity" of "*The Bible*," than Paine did.

social organism, as the worst insanity proves to the individual. There is no record of society's being afflicted with the caucus-and-ballot-box mania for any considerable length of time, without having to be confined in the straight jacket of military despotism ; or prescribed a double dose of essentially the same kind of tyranny from which it had been so madly supposed that an escape had been made. What, then, I ask, in behalf of Thomas Paine, whose distinguishing characteristic, was to "go ahead," is the use of fooling any longer with the speculative, abstract, tantalizing shadows of human rights, which our corrupt, spoil-seeking demagogues impudently palm off on us for liberty? And why persist longer in repeating the miserable religious and moral failures into which our religious and moral quacks plunge us?

To what purpose have both religion and politics been so freely discussed, for nearly a century past, in the United States, by all who had more tongue than brain, and more vanity than depth of research? This is not saying that *some* wise and very worthy people have not also been led into the fallacy that abstract subjectivism was sufficient to remedy despotism. I was once in that unfortunate predicament myself ; and the axiom of Thomas Jefferson (I believe it was Jefferson's, at any rate it is the axiom of his *loudest* followers) was, that error may be safely trusted where *reason* is left free to combat it. But I ask in all soberness, has error been *safely* trusted in the United States, though reason is there as free to combat it as *the majority* will let it be? And with what good effect, so far as *social architecture* is concerned, have carefully culled, and almost as carefully isolated *facts* been laid before the multitude, whose views are necessarily confined to the specialities which constitute *their calling*, since the *acute* stage of revolution in this country?

I tell you that facts, to be worth *any thing*, must be systemized ; and that, too, immeasurably more in social or state affairs than in any others ; and that this requires the wisest heads that can grow on human shoulders, aided by *all* science and art, and by the most laborious and uninterrupted preparation. Social Science is the *art of arts* ; not the *art of political trickery*.

In spite of all the freedom of the tongue and of the press which the majority will allow to be exercised, or *can* allow to be exercised till social science and art take charge of education, is not our political system corrupt to the very core? Are not they who have charge of the public treasury a very

gang of thieves? And are not they whom "elective franchise" places at the head of affairs, plunging the nation into bankruptcy every few years, and at shorter and shorter intervals, by their reckless wastefulness, in letting the life-blood of industry, as now carried on—money—pour *abroad* like water, for the sake of catching their dippers full of it?

And as to religion:—has not the empire state, New York, in 1860, enacted Sunday-laws which would have done credit to the Blue Code of Connecticut in 1650? Are not church-building, and church-going, and revivalism, ay, and Mormonism, rife among that very multitude—that highest court from whose dread decrees there is no *present* appeal, to whom free discussion and facts *have been presented to the extent they can be by present methods?*

The *popular* free-discussion of affairs of the last degree of complication—religious and state affairs—except during the *crisis period* of revolution, only renders that worst of despotisms, anarchy, chronic: it *seats* in the social organism, that political gangrene—demagogism—which has always hitherto, sooner or later, required the cauterization of military despotism, (a remedy *all but* as bad as the disease) in order to be got rid of—in order to save even civilization. Despotism is the most inveterate of all the diseases of the social organism which ignorance has inflicted; nay, it is a complication of *all* its diseases. What, my fellow-man, would any of you think of the physician who should consult with an individual organism with a view to taking that organism's opinion as to what course he (the physician) had best pursue in order to cure him, (the organism) of scrofula, complicated with every other bodily disease to which flesh is heir? Would not the patient, if he had one spark of common sense left, order such a doctor out of doors? with "Sir, I expected aid from your science and your *healing art*; and did not employ you to mock and insult me in my wretchedness."

Would any one who possessed a spark of reason, even, venture at sea in a vessel, with respect to the management of which, the vote of all who happened to go on board was going to be taken? And do the managers of the ship of state require less preparation, than do common sailors? Do they not require so much more *useful knowledge* than they have ever been qualified with, that they have always wrecked or capsized the ship of state, except where it is only a question of time when they will do so? Evidently, church and state management require art and skill infinitely superior to

what "supernaturalism" and its legitimate child, monarchism, or its bastard issue, caucus-and-ballot-boxism, are capable of. From the dissecting room; the chemical laboratory; the astronomical observatory; the physician's and physiologists study; in fine, from all the schools of science and art, should human law be *declared*, instead of being "enacted" in legislative halls, by those who, in every respect besides political trickery, fraud, and "smartness," are perfect ignoramuses.

Nature *throughout*, must be so *modified* (not changed); so *liberated from the thralldom of antagonism or counteraction*; in short, so improved by art, that the conditions which now necessitate despotism and evil will be superseded by those which will make liberty, and all that is desirable, as spontaneous as is the order of the spheres.

Man naturally desires to be good. There is not, never was, and never can be, a sane human being who would not like to have things so arranged, that *every human desire could be fully gratified*, instead of, as now, almost wholly denied gratification; man's "holy" or "heavenly" desires,—the very quintessence of sensualness, are a *constant*, and will be an *everlasting* testimony to the truth of this.

Priestcraft cannot be put down, till man obtains his "being's" end and aim," or is satisfied that it is attainable, in this material, this perceptible, this sense-world. To desire must be to possess, with the exception (if it can be called an exception) of the intervention of just exertion enough to give to possession its *due* value. Mankind will, with few exceptions, scorn reason, so long as it arrays itself against *human instinct*; against what man *feels to be true*. And until science and art give man (or assure him that they can give him) the perfect and sufficiently lasting happiness which he instinctively knows that the power which created him *owes him and stands pledged* to give him or turn out to be an *almighty failure*, he will pursue that happiness even beyond the grave; *with priestcraft for his guide, of course*.

Can nature or all existence, fail? and allow the drafts which, on the indisputable testimony of the human passions, she has authorized her highest beings to draw on her, to be protested? Surely, "supernaturalism" itself is less absurd than this.

Friends of human rights! Believers in progress! Is anything more certain, than that combined science and its corresponding art, or full and complete development, must prove adequate to all for which "miracle" can be intelligibly invoked?

Ignorance with respect to this, then; ignorance of how to *develop nature's resources*, and *modify and harmoniously combine her powers*, so as to liberate her tendency to perfection from all obstructions—so as that her means will correspondent to her ends,—constitutes the tyrant in search of whom we started. There he stands! But he is not invulnerable, nor is his fearfully, ay, *all but* “supernaturally” strong fortress impregnable. Let us “up and at him,” then, as determinedly as our sires of glorious memory charged his minions at Bunker Hill. *Parleying*, as we have learned by long, sad experience, is sheer nonsense; quarter being out of the question. This arch enemy of mankind must be *annihilated* before liberty can be an *actuality*. And the religious faith of the human race must be transferred from the mysterious and impossible, and from their correlates, the subjective and speculative, to the intelligible and practical. And these must be shown capable of fulfilling man's highest aspirations, before he can *truly* understand the mission, and *fully* appreciate the worth of THOMAS PAINE.

I trust I have shown that, to conquer the tyrant which ignorance of *how to be free* constitutes, was the common aim, and the *real*, however glimmeringly perceived object, of the exertions of Rousseau, Paine, Comte, and all the other author-heroes and heroines, who have ever written. In conclusion allow me to propose a *crisis-question* for the *practical consultation* upon, of my friends, whose *religion* (If I may be allowed to accuse them of having *any*) reason and free discussion compose :

How can man be extricated from having to grovel *round* and *round* and *round* in the hopeless orbit which has mystery for its center, monarchy for his aphelion, demagogism for its perihelion, and unvarnished wretchedness or gilded misery for its whole course, except by scientifically, artistically, and *unitedly* creating the requisite conditions for *Actual Liberty*?

All have their hobby. Mine, it will be pretty clearly perceived is,—that *nature*, through *development*, will prove *all-sufficient*.

Come, all ye who delight in the amble of that well-trying hack,—popular religious, political, and sociological discussion, and who do not like the complexion of *present* religious, political, and social institutions, and who are not enamoured of the millennium which I have shown would constitute their ultimatum :—If you object to *Art-Liberty*, please to let the world know definitely, what you *do* propose.

APPENDIX.

As one of the most heroic acts of Thomas Paine's life, and one which also showed the profoundness of his political wisdom, was his speech in opposition to the execution of Louis XVI., I wish to draw particular attention to it; and therefore give it a place in an Appendix; for I have observed that even the most cursory readers generally look at the *end* of a work.

This speech, Mr. Paine well understood, would expose him to the fiercest wrath of the Jacobins, who, sustained by the triumphant rabble, had resolved, in the king's case, to dispense with even the *forms* of "justice," to the extent of setting aside the rule which required the sanction of a two-thirds majority for the infliction of the death penalty. "We vote," protested Lanjuinais, when the balloting was ordered to commence, "under the daggers and the cannon of the factions."

In order to more fully understand in what fearful peril Mr. Paine voluntarily placed himself by delivering this speech, it will be necessary to know that "the factions" to which deputy Lanjuinais referred, were composed of the cruel monsters (and their abettors) who, a short time before, had "*laboured*," as their horrible, but "*disinterested*" leader, Maillard, termed it, during thirty-six hours, at massacring the unarmed prisoners, who had been committed on mere suspicion of not being friendly to the powers that then held sway; and for which "*labour*," its zealous and industrious performers, all covered with blood and brains, demanded instant payment of the committee of the municipality, threatening them with instant death if they did not comply.

"Do you think I have earned only twenty-four francs?" said one of these *principled* assassins, brandishing a massive weapon, "why, I have slain forty with my own hands."

SPEECH OF THOMAS PAINE, AS DEPUTY IN THE
NATIONAL CONVENTION OF FRANCE, IN OPPO-
SITION TO THE EXECUTION OF THE KING.

CITIZEN PRESIDENT :

My hatred and abhorrence of absolute monarchy are sufficiently known ; they originated in principles of reason and conviction, nor, except with life, can they ever be extirpated ; but my compassion for the unfortunate, whether friend or enemy, is equally lively and sincere.

I voted that Louis should be tried, because it was necessary to afford proofs to the world of the perfidy, corruption, and abomination of the French government.

The infinity of evidence that has been produced exposes them in the most glaring and hideous colours.

Nevertheless I am inclined to believe that if Louis Capet had been born in an obscure condition, had he lived within the circle of an amiable and respectable neighbourhood, at liberty to practice the duties of domestic life, had he been thus situated I cannot believe that he would have shewn himself destitute of social virtues ; we are, in a moment of fermentation like this, naturally little indulgent to his vices, or rather to those of his government ; we regard them with additional horror and indignation ; not that they are more heinous than those of his predecessors, but because our eyes are now open, and the veil of delusion at length withdrawn ; yet the lamentably degraded state to which he is actually reduced is surely far less imputable to him than to the constituent assembly which, of its own authority, without consent or advice of the people, restored him to the throne.

I was present at the time of the flight or abdication of Louis XVI., and when he was taken and brought back. The proposal of restoring to him the supreme power struck me with amazement ; and although at that time I was not a citizen, yet as a citizen of the world, I employed all the efforts that depended on me to prevent it.

A small society, composed only of five persons, two of whom are now members of the convention, took at that time

the name of the Republican Club (*Société Republicaine*). This society opposed the restoration of Louis, not so much on account of his personal offences, as in order to overthrow monarchy, and to erect on its ruins the republican system and an equal representation.

With this design I traced out in the English language certain propositions which were translated, with some trifling alteration, and signed by Achilles Duchelclet, lieutenant-general in the army of the French republic, and at that time one of the five members which composed our little party ; the law requiring the signature of a citizen at the bottom of each printed paper.

The paper was indignantly torn by Malouet, and brought forth in this very room as an article of accusation against the person who had signed it, the author, and their adherents ; but such is the revolution of events that this paper is now revived, and brought forth for a very opposite purpose.

To remind the nation of the error of that unfortunate day, that fatal error of not having then banished Louis XVI from its bosom, the paper in question was conceived in the following terms ; and I bring it forward this day to plead in favor of his exile preferably to his death.

“Brethren, and fellow Citizens : The serene tranquillity, the mutual confidence which prevailed amongst us during the time of the late king’s escape, the indifference with which we beheld him return, are unequivocal proofs that the absence of the king is more desirable than his presence, and that he is not only a political superfluity but a grievous burthen pressing hard on the whole nation.

“Let us not be imposed on by sophisms : all that concerns this man is reduced to four points. He has abdicated the throne in having fled from his post. Abdication and desertion are not characterized by length of absence, but by the single act of flight. In the present instance the act is every thing, and the time nothing.

“The nation can never give back its confidence to a man who, false to his trust, perjured to his oath, conspires a clandestine flight, obtains a fraudulent passport, conceals a king of France under the disguise of a valet, directs his course towards a frontier covered with traitors and deserters, and evidently meditates a return into our country with a force capable of imposing his own despotic laws. Ought his flight to be considered as his own act, or the act of those who fled with him ? Was it a spontaneous resolution of his own, or

was it inspired into him by others? The alternative is immaterial : whether fool or hypocrite, idiot or traitor, he has proved himself equally unworthy of the vast and important functions that had been delegated to him.

"In every sense that the question can be considered, the reciprocal obligations which subsisted between us are dissolved. He holds no longer authority ; we owe him no longer obedience ; we see in him no more than an indifferent person ; we can regard him only as Louis Capet.

"The history of France presents little else than a long series of public calamity which takes its source from the vices of her kings : we have been the wretched victims that have never ceased to suffer either for them or by them. The catalogue of their oppressions was complete, but to complete the sum of their crimes, treason was yet wanting ; now the only vacancy is filled up, the dreadful list is full ; the system is exhausted ; there are no remaining errors for them to commit, their reign is consequently at an end.

"As to the personal safety of Mr. Louis Capet, it is so much the more confirmed, as France will not stop to degrade herself by a spirit of revenge against a wretch who has dishonored himself. In defending a just and glorious cause it is not possible to degrade it ; and the universal tranquillity which prevails is an undeniable proof that a free people know how to respect themselves."

Having thus explained the principles and exertions of the republicans at that fatal period when Louis was reinstated in full possession of the executive power which by his flight had been suspended, I return to the subject, and to the deplorable condition in which the man is now actually involved. What was neglected at the time of which I have been speaking has been since brought about by the force of necessity.

The wilful treacherous defects in the former constitution had been brought to light, the continual alarm of treason and conspiracy roused the nation and produced eventfully a second revolution. The people have beat down royalty, never, never to rise again ; they have brought Louis Capet to the bar, and demonstrated in the face of the whole world, the intrigues, the cabals, the falsehood, corruption, and rooted depravity of his government : there remains then only one question to be considered, what is to be done with this man ?

For myself, I freely confess that when I reflect on the unaccountable folly that restored the executive power to his

hands, all covered as he was with perjuries and treason, I am far more ready to condemn the constituent assembly than the unfortunate prisoner Louis Capet.

But, abstracted from every other consideration, there is one circumstance in his life which ought to cover or at least to palliate a great number of his transgressions, and this very circumstance affords the French nation a blessed occasion of extricating itself from the yoke of its kings without defiling itself in the impurities of their blood.

It is to France alone, I know, that the United States of America owe that support which enabled them to shake off an unjust and tyrannical yoke. The ardour and zeal which she displayed to provide both men and money were the natural consequences of a thirst for liberty. But as the nation at that time, restrained by the shackles of her own government, could only act by means of a monarchical organ, this organ, whatever in other respects the object might be, certainly performed a good, a great action.

Let then these United States be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, hereafter, far removed from the miseries and crimes of royalty, he may learn, from the constant aspect of public prosperity, that the true system of government consists in fair, equal, and honorable representation. In relating this circumstance, and in submitting this proposition, I consider myself as a citizen of both countries.

I submit it as a citizen of America who feels the debt of gratitude which he owes to every Frenchman. I submit it also as a man who cannot forget that kings are subject to human frailties. I support my proposition as a citizen of the French republic, because it appears to me the best, the most politic measure that can be adopted.

As far as my experience in public life extends, I have ever observed that the great mass of the people are invariably just, both in their intentions and in their objects; but the true method of accomplishing that effect, does not always show itself in the first instance. For example, the English nation had groaned under the despotism of the Stuarts. Hence Charles the 1st lost his life; yet Charles the 2d was restored to all the full plenitude of power which his father had lost. Forty years had not expired when the same family strove to re-establish their ancient oppression; so the nation then banished from its territories the whole race. The remedy was effectual: the Stuart family sunk into obscurity, confounded itself with the multitude, and is at length extinct.

The French nation has carried her measures of government to a greater length. France is not satisfied with exposing the guilt of the monarch, she has penetrated into the vices and horrors of the monarchy. She has shown them clear as day-light, and for ever crushed that system ; and he, whoever he may be, that should ever dare to reclaim those rights, would be regarded not as a pretender, but punished as a traitor.

Two brothers of Louis Capet have banished themselves from the country, but they are obliged to comply with the spirit and etiquette of the courts where they reside.

They can advance no pretensions on their own account, so long as Louis shall live.

The history of monarchy in France was a system pregnant with crimes and murders, cancelling all natural ties, even those by which brothers are united. We know how often they have assassinated each other to pave a way to power. As those hopes which the emigrants had reposed in Louis XVI are fled, the last that remains rests upon his death, and their situation inclines them to desire this catastrophe, that they may once again rally round a more active chief, and try one further effort under the fortune of the *cid* devant Monsieur and d'Artois. That such an enterprise would precipitate them into a new abyss of calamity and disgrace, it is not difficult to foresee ; yet it might be attended with mutual loss, and it is our duty, as legislators, not to spill a drop of blood when our purpose may be effectually accomplished without it. It has been already proposed to abolish the punishment of death, and it is with infinite satisfaction that I recollect the humane and excellent oration pronounced by Robespierre on that subject in the constituent assembly * This cause must find its advocates in every corner where en-

* Pause, reader, and weep over the blindness of those reformers who depend on *principle* and *good intention*. Robespierre preached (oh, the "foolishness of (popular) preaching" where social science is in question) against the death-penalty ! And there can be no reasonable doubt but that he was in *principle*, opposed to it.

Marat once confidently exclaimed, in reference to his known incorruptness :—"A patriot so pure as myself, might communicate with the Devil." The appropriateness of his association of personages and *attributes*, he *probably* did not suspect.

When, oh when, will principle and moralism, and that main supporter of "*vice*,"—"virtue," give place to *practical goodness* ?

"Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

lightened politicians and lovers of humanity exist, and it ought above all to find them in this assembly.

Bad governments have trained the human race, and inured it to the sanguinary arts and refinements of punishment ; and it is exactly the same punishment that has so long shocked the sight and tormented the patience of the people which now in their turn they practise in revenge on their oppressors.

But it becomes us to be strictly on our guard against the abomination and perversity of such examples. As France has been the first of European nations to amend her government, let her also be the first to abolish the punishment of death, and to find out a milder and more effectual substitute.

In the particular case now under consideration, I submit the following propositions.—1st. That the national convention shall pronounce the sentence of banishment on Louis and his family : 2nd. That Louis Capet shall be detained in prison till the end of the war, and then the sentence of banishment to be executed.

END.

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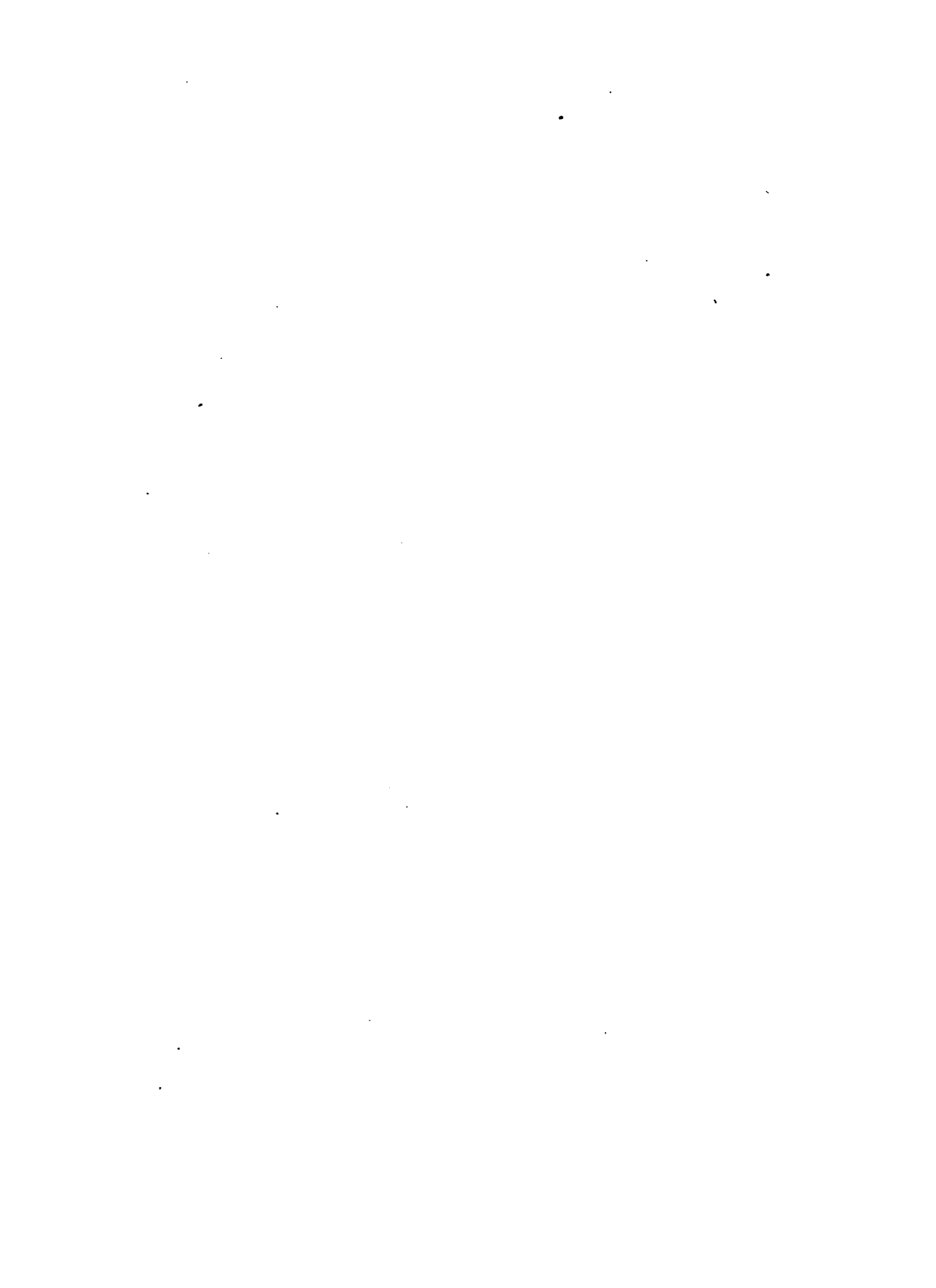
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